THE KNOWEN
WHAT WE ARE AND WILL BE

DONALD W. McDONALD

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WHAT WE ARE AND WHAT WE WILL BE

DONALD W. McDONALD

WHAT WE ARE AND WHAT WE WILL BE

Positive Proof of Identity. Individuality and Immortality of Man. Biblictic, Scientific, with Witnesses. And We Will Know Each Other There—Spirits Made Perfect. Family Circles Eternal in the Heavens.

BY

DONALD W. McDONALD

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
1909

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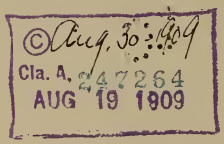

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To My Dear Brother, Donald W. McDonald.

Dear Brother: Unto thee I bring
A token from our glorious King,
Who you his messenger has made
To guide me on the heavenly road.

Through you the powers that be do bring
The music that in me doth ring,
A music only to men given
By inspiration born of Heaven.

Oh! esteem then the gift Divine
That ope's the way to sight like thine,
That such as I of lowly tread
May thus to heavenly scenes be led.

I hungry came, a lowly child,
The Father heard, and from the wild,
Yea! wild, wild waste of worldliness
He sent thee here my soul to bless.

Thrice hallowed be the ties that bind
The Soul to Soul and Mind to Mind,
And may our paths hardly divide
As on we walk by Jesus' side.

A season we may be apart
But Christ's love knits us heart to heart,
As toward the heavenly goal we move
Serving the Lord of light and love.

CAPT. A. PHINNEY.

Mobile, Ala., 1907.

INTRODUCTION

"THE KNOWN."

WHAT we are and what we will be should be the first question of interest to all mankind. John 11:26: "Whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die." Believest thou this? Science to-day proves clearly that man is composed of three substances—spirit, soul and matter. (See Paul Giber.) "Analysis of things existing"—that the living soul is an individual identity and exists after death—Camille Flammarion proves by the rule of eight million to one. Frederick W. H. Myers, Professor Lodge, Dr. Hodgson and Professor Hyslop scientifically prove that those we call dead are alive, and live a life to which ours here can only be compared as death; that other worlds exist inorganic, where life is life indeed, yet as real as this one we inhabit. See Jevons' "Principles of Science," and Young, who has proved to the world that the sun is two hundred and fifty degrees below zero, and is a dynamo, jarring and vibrating the particles and atoms of our atmosphere, producing heat, light and sound. Electricity, X-Rays, etc., are produced by vibration, and between these are

millions of rays that we do not see or perceive. In fact, the unseen, while in the flesh, is more than the visible, and is eternal. Hypnotism, clairaudiance, clairvoyance, telepathy and dissociation of the principles composing our bodies are now established. Alfred Russel Wallace, the most famous scientific man in the world, has succeeded in taking the photograph of a living soul, which is composed, First, of the spirit, being a white, gaseous substance, the form of the person having even the features exact, and is the guiding and intelligent part, being subject to the Holy Spirit, or spirit of Satan, whichever we will. Second, the soul, which is composed of small molecules and atoms from the ethereal atmosphere above, driven through our gross atmosphere by the dynamic force of the sun, pervades all things living, portions of it adhering to our spirit, much the same as the flesh to our bones, forming a complete body within our shell, tabernacle, carnal or outward body, and is energy or motion, even driving the blood through our veins. The author of this book only claims to be a witness of the truths, as they exist and are held forth by both the Old Testament and the New—dear Bible, ever true; and what was true in the apostolic times is true to-day, as we live in the same age. Jesus says, "Whosoever believeth in me, the works that I do he shall do also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father: and again I am with you unto

the end of the world." Also the positive proof of the identity, individuality and immortality of the spirit of man, called by election and grace, though unworthy by our dear Master, Christ Jesus, who is the Son of our dear heavenly Father; by birthright was Jehovah, is Jehovah, ever will be Jehovah. Angels, archangels, cherubims and seraphims bowed to him before the worlds was, bowed to him while on earth, bow to him to-day, as he sitteth at the right hand of the Father, or passeth through that land of love, his kingdom, and ever will, glory to His name. While we are children of our dear Father by creation and adoption through His only Son by birthright, Christ Jesus, I claim no other powers than that I believe all inherit who get close to Jesus and work—simply a humble witness of the truth. This book is written not as a novel; is far more interesting and beautiful; is the evidence of plain facts; is not what we do not know, but what through grace we do know. It is known that a fact or truth is established by two or three witnesses. I purpose, through grace, to prove to all fair-minded, whether man, woman or child, the identity, individuality and immortality of the spirit of each person. First, by the Bible,—it is divine. We are carnal, and we only understand it as we become spiritual. Second, scientific investigation. Third, personal experiences and facts, proved by many witnesses, many of them living to-day and can be ap-

proached and investigated as to the truth of all statements in this volume.

"WHEN AND WHERE."

When shall we meet
  Ours gone o'er before?
When shall we greet
  At the open door?

Not all we love
  Meet us here below.
Through Christ we live,
  To Christ we should go.

So close are they
  All whom we all love,
All of them say,
  At our home above.

OUR CARNAL BODY

Gen. 2:7: "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground." Gen. 3:19: Speaking of this carnal body, "For dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." Our Father formed from the dust of the earth a complete shell of earth, for our inward body or living soul, composed of spirit, the true ego, the soul, body of the spirit. He formed this shell or carnal body, head, eyes, ears, trunk, limbs, lungs, bowels, heart, hands and feet, a complete shell, then blew within the nostrils of this shell his breath, which produced the spirit and soul within this shell he had made. But before he blew within Adam's nostrils it was nothing but a corpse of which we so truthfully say, Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return. We find the same words spoken by Jehovah in Eccl. 12:7: "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." Job 19:26:* "And after my skin even this body is destroyed. Then without my flesh shall I see God." Solomon was one of the wisest men of the world, and like Job he bears testimony to the truth. Abraham speaking of it, says, Gen. 18:27: "Which am

*American Standard Revision.

but dust and ashes." David, Ps. 103:14: "For he knoweth our frame. He remembereth that we are dust." Eccl. 3:20: "All are of the dust and all turn to the dust again." Jesus called his earthly body the tabernacle of his body. Not his body at all, just the tent of his body; and he being Jehovah, knew. The apostles call it the outward body or tabernacle. Paul, an outward body, earthly body and earthly vessel. After he had been in paradise and the third heaven, says, "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." The carnal mind is not subject to the will of God, neither indeed can be. Again, "If ye live after the flesh ye shall die, but if after the Spirit, ye shall live."

Now, I am not as able on this question as Paul, but I do say, that I don't see what use we could make of the carnal body, when the soul forms such a beautiful body on the spirit as an angel. Neither will I state that there are not some component parts of this earthly shell or body that may be essential to the completion of our living soul. I will just let you and Paul settle this question. How an earthly shell can enter a celestial or inorganic land, I cannot comprehend. I know when you are absent from the body you do not care for it, any more than you do for the tooth you had pulled and have cast away years ago, and it is a part of your earthly shell, same as your heart. Let us look at this earthly

shell scientifically. By the old theory we know that there is a complete change of this earthly body every five or seven years; in fact, the shell I wear to-day I did not have seven years ago. At the age of sixty I have had on an average basis ten bodies, at least, or a body ten times the size of my present body, or shell. Now, let us look at the new theory, proved to be a fact. (From the "Unknown," by Flammarion.) Of what is the human body composed? An average adult man weighs one hundred and forty pounds. Of this amount there are nearly one hundred and four pounds of water in the blood and flesh. Analyze the substance of our body, you find albumen, fibrine, cæine and gelatine; that is, organic substance composed originally of four essential gases—oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen and carbonic acid. You will also find gum, sugar, starch, etc., substances which are exhaled during exhalation under the form of carbonic acid and water. Water is a combination of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen; the air is a mixture of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen, to which is added, in lesser proportions, water in the form of vapor, which, however, is but condensed oxygen. Thus our body is composed only of transformed gases.

In a few months (not seven years, as was formerly thought), our body is entirely renewed. None of the flesh of our body existed three months ago; the shoulders, face, eyes, mouth, the arms, the hair, all

of our organism is but a current of molecules, a ceaselessly renewed flame, a river which we may look upon all our lives but never see the same water again. It is all nothing but assimilated gas, condensed and modified, and more than anything else, it is air. Our whole body is composed of invisible molecules, which, when taken separately, do not touch each other, and are continually renewed.

Finally, our table is spread. If we are vegetarians, we absorb substance almost entirely drawn from the air. This peach is air and water; this pear, this grape, this nut are also made of air and water, a few gaseous elements drawn to them by the sap, by solar heat, by rain. Asparagus or salad, peas, beans or lettuce, all these live in the air and on air—the very same gases, nitrogen, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, etc. If it is a question of meat, the difference is not great. This substance, apparently so different, is only transformed vegetable matter, which itself is but a grouping of molecules taken from gases. Thus, whatever may be our kind of nourishment, our body, kept repaired, developed by absorption of molecules, acquired by respiration and elimination, is really but a current incessantly renewed by means of assimilation, directed, governed and organized by the immaterial force which animates us. To this force we may assuredly give the name of living soul. It groups the atoms which suit it, eliminates those which are useless to it, and, start-

ing with an imperceptible speck, an indiscernible germ, ends visible, intangible imponderable, to the carnal eye, like the attractions which lulls the worlds in a universal melody; and a body, however material it may seem to us, is in itself only a harmonious grouping, formed by the attraction of this interior force."

Again, when you have an opportunity to do so, place your hand under a one-hundred-power microscope. You will take it away at least three times before you can bear to look at it. You will see a scabby, maturated substance, full of holes, with microbes runing in and out. Such is your carnal body. This is the body that you have been so generously feeding and pampering while you have been letting your spirit starve. Oh, feed the spirit and have a glorious, living soul, a body as an angel. We should use this body or shell with care and judgment. It is the temple or tent that we live in, and we will need it while on earth. Some will say, Why, Jesus' body was raised; but you must remember He was Jehovah: could, can and does make and unmake worlds. We will be like Him, but never equal to Him. You love Him here, I hope; if so, you will adore Him in His kingdom. He is just as far above us in beauty and power in that land of love and glory, as He was here. I fully agree with Jehovah, our Father and Creator, Moses, Abraham, David, Solomon, Plato, Jesus, Paul and all the early fathers, Dante, Milton and thousands of others, and

science proves that our bodies are composed of three substances. First, our earthly body is of the dust, earthly, an earthly body, and to dust it returns. It is not our true selves or ego, only an earthly tent borrowed of the earth while we live here. It is also a changeable body, not eternal nor lasting. I know when we pass over to that spiritual land, our Master's kingdom, so I plead with you to care more for the welfare and feeding of your spirit, and thereby produce soul on it, as this is what is called by Jesus the body; also generally spoken of in the Scriptures as your body, and is the body meant generally in that Divine book when speaking of continued life or eternal life. Also science and experience of all scientific men prove it.

TRANSITION

A bloom is high up in the air,
On an oak tree and oh, so fair;
A bur comes forth, then a nut you see;
This is the life to be, the tree.

The bur died and so forth came he,—
The nut that hung on the oak tree,
The life of the tree that is to be;
Not the shell but the nut, you see.

The nut then falls down to the ground;
Then soon some earth on it is found.
Lo! up it comes the I AM, you see,
Not the nut, but a green, oak tree.

As with all life, so you and me.
Lo! forth we come and we are free.

Our own ego is the I AM to be,
Love the Lord and its joy, you see.

As with all life, so you and me,
There is no death, it's birth we see;
To a land of joy or land of woe;
To joy or woe, where will you go?

OUR SOUL

Gen. 2:7. After our Father formed the carnal body, or shell, he breathed into Adam's nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul. Life, spirit, soul, body of the spirit. You see soul is the second principle, not the first. The spirit can exist without the soul as an individual identity. Not so with the soul. The spirit is eternal. Not so with the soul. Soul can be destroyed. Paul says, Heb. 4 to 12: "The word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit. Do you read the Bible as Paul read it? Let us read it as Paul read it. Job 27:8: "When God taketh away his soul." He, his or him, the true self existed, the spirit. Eccl. 18:20: "The soul that sinneth it shall die." Jesus, Matt. 10:28: "Fear him who is able to destroy both body and soul." Matt. 16:26: "Lose his own soul!" Luke 12:19: "This day thy soul shall be required of thee." We see that not only can the soul be destroyed by sin, but it can be taken away from the true ego, spirit. God said unto him, "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee." It can be demanded

and removed, but still the true him, the thee, the thou, the spirit exists. In this case a lost spirit naked in a land of darkness. No worldly goods, no soul. His hands against every spirit in that land of darkness. (See "Land of Darkness.") In Adam all die by sin. In Christ all are made alive. Paul said, speaking to the living on earth, "You are dead in your sins." Sin, death, darkness and hate are all synonymous and the opposite of light, life and love. Dr. J. M. Peebles, M.D., M.A., Ph.D., on "Soul." "Sometimes unwisely called the astral body, is a genuine, substantial body, constituted of the most delicate, imponderable auras, atomic emanations, etherealized fluids, and refined, invisible substances. It is from these infinitesimal elements and essences that the immortal principal, the divine ego, constructs, by psycho-physiological laws, affinities, attractions and polarizations, for itself an enwrapping envelope, an ethereal soul-body, interpermeating the material body, and of course of the same form." The soul is driven by the dynamic influence of the sun from the ethereal spheres above and adheres to all things that attract it. We, our spirits, are magnetics. We attract good if we are good, and throw off evil. Or if evil, we attract evil and throw off good. Luke 21:20: "In your patience you shall win your soul." Now as we feed the spirit, in just such a ratio does our spirit attract soul, which is small particles of atoms, and the food of the spirit

to produce soul is inorganic. First, a nearness and love to our heavenly Father and Master. Second, studying the dear old Bible. Third, good, pure literature. Fourth, good thoughts to all. Fifth, kindness and love to all. Good acts towards all form our raiments and wealth in heaven. See Rev. 19:8. This is not all the food that is good for the spirit to produce soul, but part of it. You feed the carnal body to produce flesh, which performs functions similar as the soul does the spirit, giving it a complete, beautiful body, and enables it to drift through the altitudes of those heavenly spheres, in proportion as we have soul on our spirit. The prophets, Jesus, the apostles and writers often speak of the soul in the same sense as we do of the carnal body. I speak of J. Jones. I mean his spirit, soul and body. I speak of the soul, I mean his soul and spirit. In this sense John speaks of the souls he saw underneath the throne of God, as the soul could not nor can it exist without the spirit of true ego or self. Let us be wise and save our souls and live so as to produce an abundance of soul for our spirit. As we know a spirit without soul is lost, or at least if the spirit is passing out calls on the Lord, it is only a naked spirit, almost if not altogether, just saved as if by fire; a poor, sick tramp in a land of love and glory, and it will take a long time before such a one can enter in the family circle in that land of love, our Master's kingdom. There is in every per-

son on earth a spirit, and as it is clothed upon with soul becomes beautified and glorified, just as Moses and Elisha were when they stood with Jesus on the Mount. You love to look well in this world, only a few days at most. Oh, why not give more attention towards looking well and being well in eternity. Oh, I pray you to feed your spirits, and when you come to pass over your birth will be victory, your entrance into our Master's kingdom glorious. Just go sweeping through those portals accompanied by your dear ones gone on before and the angels, and immediately to a beautiful home in that land of love, greeted by the other dear ones there, see Jesus face to face and live eternal in love.

This is the great question of life for each one to decide for themselves, and not for another, Where shall I spend eternity? In a cave or rugged mountain side? In fear, terror, or a wretched hovel at best? In shame, disgrace or fear? Or in a mansion, surrounded with groves, flowers, shady walks and lovely fountains, in safety and love with our dear loved ones, always at home with Jesus and our dear heavenly Father. This I know to be true. I have through grace seen and handled naked spirits, and talked with them. Seen them on earth and seen them in the Land of Darkness. I have also seen living souls or spirits of just ones made perfect, or partly perfect, embraced them, talked with them, handled them both on this

earth and in that Land of Love, our Master's kingdom, and I know all through grace, and love of our dear Father, Master and Holy Spirit. I have through grace seen angels on earth, and in the Land of Love; had them take me by the hand, lead me and talk to me, and tell me many things; some I remember, some not. Oh, the goodness of our Lord King and Elder Brother and the angels to an unworthy creature like me. I am just a witness of the truth as it is, and ever will be. I know also He, our Savior, is coming soon. I do not know the hour or the day, but know He with the twelve apostles cometh soon. Oh, dear reader, make ready, get ready, to meet him. Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

Now, please don't understand me to say that I do not believe in the resurrection of the carnal body at the coming of our Lord and Master, for those that will live on this earth; but those that remain in the heavens will not need it. I do believe, but I don't know it, though I do know through grace of the individuality, and identity and immortality of our beautiful, living soul, if only begotten of the Holy Spirit. In I Thess. 5:33, St. Paul says: "May the Lord preserve your spirit, soul and body." You are a spirit with a soul and body. Not a soul and body with a spirit, and as a caterpillar sheds his shell and becomes a butterfly, first a creeping insect or citizen of the earth then a citizen of the air, so do you in passing over become a

citizen of the universe, a citizen of glory or a land of darkness. Deut. 32:50: "The Lord said unto Moses, Get thee up into the mount Nebo and die in the mount whither thou goest up, and be gathered unto thy people, as Aaron was gathered unto that kingdom whose foundation was before the world," our Master's kingdom, where Moses and Aaron's people were. Luke 20:37: "But the dead are raised." Not to be, but are. Our Father is not the God of the dead, but of the living. I, like my Master, call the living soul my true self, which it is, while our carnal body is only our earthly tabernacle. Luke 16:20: "Now there was a certain rich man, and he was clothed in purple and fine linen, fared sumptuously every day; and a certain beggar whose name was Lazarus was laid at his gate full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. Yea, even the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass that the beggar died, and that he was carried away by the angels unto Abraham's bosom. And the rich man also died and was buried." Now, our Savior makes a statement. He does not say there might have been, but that there was. In the positive case and past tense. Do you believe him? I do. I will take his word against the world. This is no parable, but a positive statement of an event that occurred, showing clearly and definitely that as men live here in this world unto pleasure, self-

indulgence, mammon and sin, their position in the future world to which we are all going has been and will be hell. While on the other hand, service to our dear Master, and love and gentleness and kindness to our fellow-man, and helping to save living souls, we became through grace heirs of His salvation.

Second. We know each other in that other world, feel, see, talk, understand and enjoy as our lot will be. Also, in that world they that are in the land of darkness long to send word to their brethren not to come to that place of torment, oh, so dark and dreary, hovels so wretched where spirits wander, every spirit's hand against all. They understand, talk and suffer, or enjoy the kingdom of our Master, as their lots are. Luke 19:21: "Neither shall they say, Lo here, nor Lo there, for the kingdom of God is within you." Luke 19:25: "For what is a man profited if he gain the whole world and forfeit his own soul." Again, Luke 9:27: "But I tell you of a truth there be some of them that stand here which shall in no wise taste of death, until they see the kingdom of God. And it came to pass about eight days after these sayings, he took with him Peter and John and James and went up into the mountain to pray. And as he was praying the fashion of his countenance was altered and his raiment became white and dazzling and behold there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elijah, who appeared in glory and spake of his decease

which he was about to accomplish at Jerusalem." Here we see Moses, who had been buried and his living soul been gathered to his fathers fourteen hundred and sixty years before, standing with the Master, etherealized, beautified and glorified, talking of that act of acts, Jesus' death, that we might live. What makes the kingdom of Germany? Germans, is it not? What makes America? Americans. What makes our Master's kingdom? Living souls. This was what our dear Master was showing his apostles, just what by the grace of the spirit I am trying to show you, the beauty, identity, individuality and immortality of our living soul. Oh, so beautiful, if born again and washed in Jesus' blood, like an angel. If an angel and a living soul of the higher grade, with those beautiful white raiments on was standing twenty-five feet from you, with his back turned towards you, you could not tell which was angel, or which was living soul; but let them turn their faces towards you, and the living soul has the same dear features that it had on earth, only like Moses and Elijah etherealized, glorified and radiant, lovely and beautiful, but just the same dear face you knew so well, and greets you home at last, with such a lovely welcome, while the angel's face is chiseled so perfectly with hair in beautiful ringlets, eyes so large and filled with such divine love, and are so gentle and kind. In verse 32 of the same chapter we see that the apostles were

fully awake, when they saw the Master's glory, and Moses and Elijah in their glory and beauty. Our heavenly Father approves of this act of our dear Savior, and a voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son, my chosen, hear ye him. I say again with Paul, if there is a carnal body there is a spiritual body. Let us see what the oldest of the divine writers say. Job 14:14: "If a man die shall he live again?" He seems to be in doubt here, but let us turn to chapter 19:25: "But I know that my Redeemer liveth and that he shall stand up at the last upon the earth, and after my skin this body be destroyed, yet without the flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and my eyes shall behold him, and not as a stranger." We boast to-day of our Christianity. Do you know that your Redeemer liveth? You know all about a dollar. Do you know anything about your living soul? Do you know how you will greet or welcome the Master, or will you be greeted as a stranger or as a friend? Oh, love him just a little and he will love you more. But I say not only love him, but adore him, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, ever blessed Trinity. Have we not drifted from Jehovah our Master and the Holy Spirit, not they from us? What was the mission of Jehovah's Son here on earth? To save spirits, was it not? His last act on the cross showed it. Even during the agonies of death, for you and me, He says

to the thief on the cross, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." The bones of the thief's carnal body were broken and the body buried, but the living soul of the repentant thief and robber went with the Master to that land of light and love, his kingdom. Is not this a beautiful lesson? No spirit can be so low that he will not hear their cry.

Peter tells us that Jesus preached to the spirits in prison. Jesus tells us that the dead should hear his voice and live; and Jesus again says, John 11:26: "Whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die." We that are begotten of the spirit do not die. Before the living soul leaves this shell, or shortly after it, we will see our dear reborn ones and the angels. It sees the light of those glorious portals where it is met by the angels from the Most High, beautiful like young men from eighteen to twenty, and faces so chiseled, delicate, and fine features so regular that you would think they were ladies glorified. Their beautiful hair hangs in long ringlets and eyes so large and powerful filled to overflowing with divine love, so gentle, kind and loving. Stephen, when he looked up saw our dear Master on the right hand of our dear loving Father. Stonewall Jackson said, "Let us cross the river and rest in the shade of those trees." Think you not that he saw that land of glory the same as Stephen saw the Master? And when Moody was passing over he said, "The earth recedes and heaven

approaches. I hear God's angels calling me. I have been within the gates, I have seen the children. If this is death it is glorious. There is no valley." Think you not that this man whose converts to the Lord by the spirit were not counted by the thousands, but by the hundreds of thousands, saw he not that land of glory? And if you and I will live as close to Jesus as General Stonewall Jackson and Moody we will see the same, and we will see our dear ones when the living soul sees through the veil of carnality. Hebrews 1:14: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to do service to those who shall inherit eternal life?" We shall see the dear ones gone on before, and some see them at times and hear the glorious music. Oh, Father, Master, Holy Spirit, help me to describe a living soul. Face and features just as we knew the dear one here below, only etherealized, beautified, radiant and glorified, form so perfect, movement graceful, kingly and queenly, raiment so fine and beautiful, they fit the form perfectly. Different colors, white or white with a golden tinge of color. They fold and look like crepe, gauze or silk; nothing can compare with their beauty. A smile upon their lips, and oh, the heavenly love flowing from their eyes as they greet you home at last. Let me tell you of a truth, that dear mother, father, sister, brother, wife, husband and children, that have passed over in Jesus' love awaits you there, longing for you

to come to that eternal home, and wish me to ask you. Are you coming to them as you have promised to meet them there? They love you more than ever and are near you often, trying to help you home to your Master's kingdom. I say with Paul, You are a spirit with a soul, body and carnal shell.

Now, I will call your attention to what John saw when he was in the spirit. Being in the spirit, and the spirit in you, or upon you, are all three different actions of the Holy Spirit upon your spirit. Carnal things disappear from view and the eternal things, or spiritual and internal things, are seen. Being in the spirit as John was, is a disassociation, or separation, of the spirit and soul from the carnal body, thereby enabling the person's true self to ascend to those spheres of glory. Rev. 6:9: "And when he opened the fifth seal he saw underneath the altar the souls of them that had been slain for the word of God." There was given to each one of them a white robe. He did not see men, but living souls. They had tongues and spoke. Forms that were clothed. Rev. 7:9: "After these things I saw and behold a great multitude which no man could number out of every nation and of all tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, arrayed in white robes, and palm in their hands, and they cry with a great voice saying, Salvation unto our God which sitteth on the throne and unto the

Lamb. And all the angels were standing round about the throne and the elders and living creatures, and they fell before the throne on their faces and worshiped God, and one of the elders answered saying unto me, These which are arrayed in the white robes, who are they, and whence came they? and I said unto him, My Lord, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation and they wash their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Let us consider what John saw. First, he saw in heaven around the Father's throne living souls, just such bodies as are within your body and mine, the eternal part of us, our true selves. Just such bodies and forms and beautiful faces as he saw on the mountain when he beheld Moses and Elijah, etherealized, glorified and beautiful, and they were from all peoples and nations, great multitudes of individualities, but when asked the question by the elder who are they, he was astonished and could not tell. It was hard for him to realize that such beautiful bodies were once encased in shells or carnal bodies, like yours and mine, now seen in the service of the Most High Jehovah, close to his person, cared for by him and led by Jesus amongst the fountains of life where all is beautiful and perfect. In love, oh, love supreme, oh, love divine, oh, won't you come and join that multitude? I bid you welcome in Jesus' name, and he that will,

let him take of the water of life freely. Yea, thou art a spirit with a soul body, a living soul encased in an earthly body. Spirit, first principle, eternal, immortal. Soul, second principle, body of the spirit. Living, soul, same as created in man.

THE TRANSITION OF LIFE.

A caterpil'r crawls on the ground;
  A worm disgusting but profound,
He enters a cocoon like a bee;
  It breaks a butterfly you see.

As with all life so you and me;
  Lo! forth we come forever free,
Our spirit is the I AM to be;
  Our body—soul; its birth! we see.

PART SECOND.

With our Father's consent the Master died;
  "To Thy hands I give my spirit," he cried;
Through their love forever and beautified;
  Spirits made perfect in heaven reside.

OUR SPIRIT

Gen. 2:7: "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." First, we have the record of our heavenly Father forming the earthly body, or tabernacle, of our true body, the living soul. Life the spirit, soul the body of the spirit. Then he blew his breath into Adam's nostrils and it became product, living soul—a corpse turned into a living creature by our Father imparting into it a portion of himself. The Spirit—Num. 16:17: "He is the God of all spirits"; Heb. 2:9: "Father of all spirits in the flesh"; John 4:24: "Our Father is a spirit and we must worship him in spirit and in truth." Again, Jesus says, "I and my Father are one"; therefore, Jesus is spirit and we shall be like him. Job 32:8: Dust to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it. A spirit came before him, and acting, feeling, walking, impressive form, filling every part of our carnal body, and when separated from the shell a gaseous substance, refined and beautiful, the perfect form of our carnal body complete, head, features, just the same, trunk, arms,

legs and feet exact, this true self walks, drifts at great speed when absent from the body, and is the controlling and eternal part of our body, which is composed of spirit and receives all impressions for good from angels and spirits of just ones made perfect that surround us if we so will, or angels of darkness or spirits of lower grade if we allow them; is our true ego or selves, and as it is clothed upon with soul which adheres to our spirits similarly as flesh to our bones in the carnal body, so is our beauty even like being as angels of our heavenly Father. The spirit needs to be fed to produce soul upon the spirit, as well as our carnal body to produce flesh upon the bones. Spirit is intelligence, inorganic, and needs inorganic food. First, Spirit with a soul, celestial body; second, Spirit with a soul celestial and an earthly body. Our spirit is a portion of our Father who is spirit, consequently we are spirit. Again, as Paul says, we are spirits in the flesh while on earth, no more, no less. Spirit being a part of our dear Father is indestructible and eternal, therefore the first principle in men, and the only portion but what is destructible, therefore our true self or ego, damned or blessed, still a spirit, ever a spirit. And Job says, "there is a spirit in man," and there is; I know it. Job 4:15: "A spirit passed before my face." Job 10:11, 12: "Thou hast clothed me with skin and flesh, hast fenced me with bones and sinews, thou

hast granted me life and favor, and thy visitation hath preserved my spirit." Psalms 18:17, David says: "I shall not die, but live." Thou hast become my salvation. The stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner. This is Jehovah's doing. He is speaking of Jesus, the evergiving life, and Jesus refers to himself as the stone that the builders rejected, so that David, like Job, knew that he would not die, but live. Well did he say, "I commend my spirit unto thee," to our Father, recognizing his spirit as eternal, and our Father as the Father of spirits, and our Master the Redeemer of spirits. Samuel appeared before Saul. Jesus addressed the evil spirits as individual identities. They recognized him, called him the Son of the living God, and obeyed him as such, and when the apostles saw our Savior walking on the water they thought he was spirit. This shows the belief and knowledge of the ancients down to Jesus and the apostles; yes, and in their time man was considered a spirit and influenced by his spiritual surroundings. Gamaliel, at whose feet Paul sat, and a leading member of the Sanhedrin, in speaking of the apostles, says: "If a spirit or angel has spoken to them," shows he recognizes spirit and angel influence, for he is not the God of the dead but of the living, for all live unto him. Matthew 57:52: "And came out of their graves after the resurrection and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many."

Pilate is more full in his description of this first resurrection in his letter to Julius Cæsar and Tiberius Cæsar. He says that there were great earthquakes at about the third hour in the morning. It became ten times brighter than the brightest day and there was seen men of tall stature passing through the air shouting, He is risen, He is risen. Come ye forth from hades; and many of the ancient prophets and kings and people, also many of our own age, were seen and recognized as they came forth from their graves by those living, and I myself saw many of them. So says Pilate. And when Jesus showed himself to the apostles he was not only spirit, but glorified Jehovah, as we will see Him in His glorious kingdom, face to face. He was the Son of our dear heavenly Father by birthright. Was and ever will be Jehovah; never was man, only took unto himself an earthly shell, or tabernacle, thereby drawing us to his Father by birthright in sympathy and love, our Father by creation and adoption, we a spirit and soul. And Paul tells us, I Tim. 9:10: "Christ Jesus before times eternal, but hath now been made manifest by the appearing of our Savior, Christ Jesus, who abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." This is what I am trying to show you. First, I John 4:3: "Judge the spirits." Hereby know ye the spirits. You nor I never thought of a wrong act but what a sweet, small voice said, "Don't do it," so kind

and gentle. Another voice says, "Come on and let's do it. We will make so much." If you obeyed the first voice you felt stronger and better. You were. You had obeyed a good spirit or angel and accumulated a certain amount of soul on your spirit, but if you obeyed the evil spirit you are weak and ashamed, especially when you met the party you had wronged. Yes, you sinned and destroyed a portion of the soul on your spirit. Judge ye the spirits. There is no such thing as conscience, only as a product. We are controlled as we will by our invironments, powers, angels or spirits in the flesh or out of the flesh. Job says there is a spirit in man. Not mind or breath, but a spirit (*rauch*). And the inspiration of the Almighty giveth Him an understanding. In the thirty-four books of the Old Testament the two original words, *rauch,* meaning spirit, and, *nephesh,* meaning soul, are never confounded, but kept clear and distinct. In the twenty-seven books of the New Testament, *pneuma,* meaning spirit, or *psuche,* meaning soul, are not confounded, nor are they used in the place of each other in the original. They are not even synonymous. Well did Paul say in Heb. 4: 12, "The word of God is living and active and sharper than any two-edged sword and piercing even to the dividing of soul and spirit." Do we read the Bible as Paul did? If not had we not better read it as he did, and try and understand it as he did? Job 12: 10: "And a spirit

came before him" (*rauch*) shows here to be a walking, talking, conscientious spirit. Our Savior in addressing spirits of the evil one never called them souls. He tells us the soul can be destroyed, but never the spirit. It is a potent individuality, a portion of our heavenly Father, and is eternal and immortal. Fear not him who can destroy the body only, but rather fear him who can destroy both body and soul. Our heavenly Father is a spirit, and we must worship him in spirit and truth. In Psa. 31:5, David says, "Into thy hands I commit my spirits." Stephen says, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Jesus, Luke 23:46, "Father into thy hands I commend my spirit." Paul and John saw the spirits of just men made perfect. Moses and Elijah when with our Master on the mount were spirits of just men made perfect, living souls—just such bodies as are in you and me in a state of completion. I also know that we are no more, no less, than spirits in the flesh, accumulating or destroying soul on or off of our spirits while here below in this workshop, our earth, where spirits are made—just as you cut a twig from a willow tree and plant it you produce a willow tree, or plant a joint of cane and you produce a hill of cane. Like produces like, environments being fair, and will multiply in proportion as it is planted. Luke 8:54, 55: When Jesus raised Jairus' daughter from the dead he "taking her by the hand, called, saying, Maiden, arise, and her spirit returned

and she arose up immediately." Note, it was her spirit, not her soul, that returned. First, we are begotten of the spirit of our heavenly Father and Master when our spirit turns from evil unto good, from serving Satan to serving Jesus. Then we are born of the spirit when we pass over to that other country, the Great Spiritual Universe, each one going to his own place and people as he has lived here below, some to a land of darkness, despair and terror, others to a land of glory, our Master's kingdom. The great question is, Where shall I spend eternity? When we were born into this world, others were here to care for us. When we are born in the other spheres, if we have lived near to Jesus or called on his name, generally our dearest loved ones that have passed over before will be there to greet and care for us, as well as an angel of light. They cheer and guide us and escort us to that land of love. Oh, joyous birth, oh, glorious land, oh, all glory to thee, our Savior, who died that we might live. Not die, no not even die easy, a spirit of a just one made perfect; a spirit now, a spirit then; a spirit glorified, clothed upon with soul, forever our celestial bodies, beautified and glorified, residents of a spiritual land, our Master's kingdom.

There are four words translated spirit, *ruach, pneuma, neshamah, phanasma, neshamah,* last meaning breath of life, and rendered, "spirit" but twice.

When His disciples saw our Master walking on the water they said, It is a spirit (*phantasma*). In this place they express the common belief in the spirit or the presence of spirits. Pilate, in his report to Cæsar, says that at the resurrection of our Master the spirits of Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jonah, Job, Isaiah, David, as well as many others were seen and recognized by the Jews, and that he himself also saw many spirits, also angels. Nicodemus in his gospel tells us that the two sons of Simon, the high priest who took Jesus in his arms, and blessed him and praised our heavenly Father for having lived to see him, were recognized and that Ananias Capias, Nicodemus and Joseph, and Gamaliel went and did not find them in their graves, but found them on their knees in prayer, and brought them to the temple, and took the Bible and put it in their hands and swore them by God Adonai and the God of Israel. If ye believe Him who raised you from the dead, tell us what ye have seen, how ye were raised from the dead. And they asked for paper to write it down. (Our Savior appeared in hades; His releasing of the captive spirits from hades.) He appeared to us suddenly in great beauty and power, and stretched forth his hands, said, Come to me, my saints, who were created in my image, and taking Adam by his right hand, he ascended from hades, and all the saints of God followed Him. Then they all broke forth in praise unto the

Lord of hosts, also relating the meeting in Paradise of our Lord and Master, with Adam, and the hosts redeemed by his blood; also with Elisha, Enoch and the thief, who turned to our Master when on the cross, and when they had finished they said, Peace be unto you from the Lord God Jesus Christ and Savior of us all; they were then changed into exceedingly white forms and disappeared. Thus was fulfilled the prophecy of Jesus that the dead should have the gospel preached unto them. And Peter tells us that he preached to the spirits which were in the prison, that lived during the time of Noah, and many did repent and live. That prison is just as real to-day as then. Spirits that pass out that have lived wickedly without soul, their soul having been destroyed by sin. As I live, saith the Lord God Almighty, the soul that sinneth it shall die; they live in a land of darkness, wretched, without hope, in perfect terror of each other and spirits of the evil one—a land so barren and dreary. I do pray that our heavenly Father will send his Son, or angels, and redeem them soon, if such can be. How are the dead raised, and with what manner of body do they come? They come as the grain comes by the seed. The seed does not rise. It remains and moulds in the earth. The body does not rise. It remains and moulders in the earth, but our Father gives us a body as it pleaseth Him, to each spirit a body of his own, as He has lived on this earth

and put on immortality, through love and light. Oh, my dear friends, I pray thou may not be found naked, but be clothed upon with soul. The word of Jesus to those that live a Christlike life, and children, is, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The great trouble of the age is even that some of our ministers of the gospel depend more on the lexicons and dictionaries than they do on the Bible. The writers of lexicons and dictionaries never made a word, they only report on them, and like mercantile agencies they are sometimes right and sometimes wrong. Let us depend more on our guardian angel's influence, on our spirit with right understanding, pray our Master to help us understand, like Paul, through grace. I Cor. 15:4, "And that he was buried, and that he hath been raised on the third day according to the scriptures, and that he appeared to Cephas, then to the twelve, then he appeared to above five hundred brethren at once, of whom the greater part remain until now." A spirit Jehovah beheld by many brethren.

Oh, brother and sister, father, mother, daughter or son, don't go to that land of darkness, but turn to Jesus and live. Do good and forget not the guidance of your guardian angel that speaks so kindly, gently and lovingly to you, and have your spirit clothed upon with soul until it will be as beautiful as Moses and

Elijah on the mount with the Master, who loved us and died for us that we might live, or like those that John saw around our Father's throne. In this line our dear Master cried, "Into thy hands, Father, I commend my spirit"; and when Stephen was stoned, his carnal body crushed and bleeding, cried, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." His spirit with his soul, the body of the spirit, ascended on high, a spirit of a just one made perfect in love. Now, through grace I have seen, embraced and handled the spirits of just ones made perfect. Through the love of our Father and Master I know of what I write. The purity of love, the beauty and glory of our loved ones, and their lovely welcome—of home at last, our spiritual home, our Master's kingdom. Dear friend, I know of a certainty that those who have passed over in Jesus' love live a life that is just as glorious, and they wait and long to welcome you home. Won't you come and live with the angels and dear ones in that land of love, blessed land? All life has its laws, and if we obey the laws of a spiritual life we have a right to a spiritual life. There are laws of the body, and if one obeys the laws he has the right to health. So there are laws of the spirit, and if one complies with them he has the right to a spiritual life, because it is the life of the spirit, is eternal. We are continually surrounded by angels of our heavenly Father. The apostle tells us they are ministering spirits sent forth to do service

to those who shall inherit salvation, also the spirits of just ones made perfect. Our mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers and sons, and friends by the will of our Father in heaven, and the love of his only begotten Son, Jesus, come often to us with messages of love and wisdom, and try to lead and prepare us to go home with them. Oh, listen to them and your guardian angel that speaks to you. When you think of doing a wrong, a voice says to you, Don't do it. You probably call it conscience. It is a spirit impressing you, your spirit. Obey it always. Do right and it will be well with you. All sin is forgiven unto man except sin against the Holy Spirit, which is the Spirit of God in triune form. Sin is a non-conformity or transgression, so do conform thereto. Always try the spirits that impress you; if they lead to good, peace and joy, obey them; but if to anger, malice or wrong, either to yourselves, our heavenly Father or our fellow-man, obey them not. They are of the evil one, who seeks to destroy your soul, and thereby obtain possession of your spirit, and finally escort you to that land of darkness. You say you do not see them. Neither do you see electricity before it enters the organic state; that is the positive and negative come together. Then you see a spark or a flash, but the electricity existed before you saw it, and every step you take a certain amount of it passes through you, carrying a certain amount of aroma, which is peculiar

to each person, leaving thereby a scent that a dog can follow, even crossing other person's tracks; yet you don't see it, but the dog smells it—a positive proof that it exists. So you see it does not do to say a thing does not exist just because we do not see it with our carnal eyes. You may not have seen a spirit. Men and women of every age testify that they have. Photographs have been taken of them. They have been seen, known, recognized, even while the person was still in the flesh or an inhabitant of this earth, the spirit and part of the soul being miles away from the carnal body. Spiritualism is true; so is spiritism. In a way spiritualism is the association of ourselves with angels of light, spirits of just ones made perfect, or the spiritual powers of our Master and Father; in association with all pure or that try to be pure. We never go inside of a church but that we associate with the angels of the most high, as they rendezvous there and go from there on their missions of mercy. To meet in prayer in a light room, the lighter the better, and hold intercourse with the higher powers is beneficial, but to go into a dark room or saloon is to court the spirits of darkness or those that wander on or in this earth's sphere. They are dangerous and hurtful. They do not seem to understand anything about the upper spheres, are cunning and deceitful, just as they were on earth, only more knowledge of earthly things at times, and working for the retention of all spirits

in the flesh, for their spheres. They deny the Savior, and as John said, are anti-Christ. So in all cases avoid them. This is spiritism, not spiritualism. The latter elevates. Spiritism degenerates, and is very dangerous. Associate with good and you will become better; associate with evil and you will become more evil, either in the flesh or out of the flesh. And I am sorry to see some of the soldiers of Jesus, and servants of the Most High Spirit, our Father, let go of the banner of spiritualism, just because a few spiritists have tried to claim it. As a true soldier should never abandon the fort nor his colors, never run but advance, investigate, conquer and report. Then turn to Jesus, the author and finisher of our knowledge, faith and love, and live as near as possible the life he lived, not only loving, but adoring the Father, His Son Jesus, His Son by birthright, and the Holy Spirit, and come to His kingdom. In His name I bid you welcome to that land of love, purity, beauty, a spiritual kingdom, His kingdom, our home. Wherefore, we are a spirit in the flesh now, shall be a spirit found naked in the land of darkness, or a spirit clothed upon with soul in that land of love. A spirit forever, saved or lost—which shall it be?

LIFE.

Spirit of God, indite my lyre!
Touch Thou my pen with living fire
As unto earth I now proclaim
The honors of my Savior's name.

He suffered death new life to give—
'Tis life through birth we must receive—
New life that has no part in death,
Eternal life called the new birth.

The law of life writ on our heart—
To fructify the spirit part—
Real life!—true life! so freely given,
Began on earth, but child of heaven.

The old corn dies, new life shoots forth—
The soul it lives with spirit worth.
The body dies because of sin,
Which law is dead to all within.

Yes, dies because it has no part
In affections ruling of the heart;
The soul to Christ's own life aspires—
To body, 'tis a thousand fires.

Up, then, Christ's living of to-day!
Launch forth thy bark upon the bay!
The Christ, the Christ forsook the earth,
So also you at the new birth.

Exalted be above the world,
Nor be in it by passion whirled.
Christ is our life—he's gone before—
Launch out, launch out! well from the shore.

No death have we who love the Lord;
Receive this truth, tell it abroad,
For we from death have been made free
By Christ's own law of liberty.

A. PHINNEY.

DEATH

Gen. 2:17: "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." This is spoken by our heavenly Father to Adam, earthly father of us all. He transgressed and died, so all inherit death through him. Eccl. 18:32: "For why will ye die, O house of Israel, for I have no pleasure in him that dieth, saith the Lord; wherefore turn yourselves and live ye." Eccl. 18:4: "The soul that sinneth shall die." I Chron. 15:4 and Jer. 31:30: "Every man shall die for his own sin." We have our dear heavenly Father's saying, He has no pleasure in the death of the sinner, but requesteth him to turn and live. Rom. 5:14, Paul tells us death reigns from Adam to Moses. Rom. 18:3: "If ye live after the flesh ye shall die." So you see in every instance death and sin go hand in hand; they are partners, and always associated with each other. Sin, death and Satan, I should have said, are complete partners, for the destruction of soul and body, and retention of spirit. (Spirit our true ego, the I am and ever will be. Soul body of the spirit, and what we call body, our earthly shell.) Darkness invariably accompanies this trio of destroyers—sin,

Satan and death. Some claim that Satan has been bound over since the Reformation. All I have to say, is, if so, he has some elegant representatives here on earth. I know the wages of sin is death. Have you ever stood at the death bed of an unrepenting sinner, and heard him cry out, "Oh, the demons are here. Don't you see that one coming after me? See, he is right beside me. Keep him back. Don't let him get me. Also that man I wronged. He is with him; he is striking me; now keep them away; don't let them have me." Did you not feel as though you could almost see them as he described them in his agony and struggles? All in vain, and you unable to help him. Again, did you not know that what is called the hallucinations of a person in delirium tremens are real? More real than you think. All that occurs is the soul, or most of it has been eaten off of his spirit by liquor, which in proportion as you drink, eats the soul off the spirit, just as aqua fortis eats the flesh, and leaves just a naked spirit in the body, lower than a brute. Manhood lost, soul lost, bound for the land of darkness, and the strain of the spirit on the shell or carnal body causes the dilation of the pupil of the eye, and he just sees his environments. These objects that he sees will be his companions in eternity, if he should pass out in that state. This is death. There is not a dive or saloon on earth that the angels of Satan and lost spirits do not make their headquarters, and go forth

from there on their missions of destruction. If you are a clairvoyant, as you passed a saloon you could see the poor, wretched, naked spirits reaching, crying, struggling to get liquor, but cannot. If you are a clairaudiant, you could hear their cries, oh, blasphemous, most horrible. (Saloons are the recruiting offices of the chain gang and hell.) Are these to be your associates in eternity? Faces and features the same as on earth, only distorted with disappointment, fear and terror, forms like skeletons, bodies not luminous but blotched. One or the other you must be, a lost spirit or a saved one. Which shall it be? Satan, his lost spirits and angels are battling to obtain victims here for the land of darkness. Woe, woe, to those, who do not call on Jesus, that have lived a life of sin or neglected their salvation. (Regarding liquor; science proves that "alcohol is a poison. Not a food; a narcotic, irritant, and not a stimulant which gives strength; that it cannot sustain the body in weariness, and is injurious in the extreme of heat or cold, and that as a medicine there are better substitutes.") You have no reason for drinking it that is justifiable. Don't touch it, dear one. It's Satan's beverage, brewed to win spirits for death and hell. There are those that make money their god. There are those that make earthly pleasure their god. There are those that neglect to obey that sweet, small voice to turn from death and live. If they do not call upon Jesus,

all are lost. Are you of this number, father, mother, brother, sister, child? If so, forsake them. If so, forsake those gods. Turn to Jesus and live. Paul says, I Cor. 15:27: "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." Joel, Peter and Paul say, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Passing out and being received by an angel of darkness is not all. It is only the prelude or commencement of an eternity of woe, shut out from the light of heaven, away form your dear ones that you loved on earth now in heaven. Alone and in a land of darkness, haunted by demons and other lost spirits, the same that destroyed your soul from off your spirit on earth, in fear and terror and horror, anguish in a barren, dry, rocky, mountainous land, with gulches deep and broad, narrow paths dark and dreary, caves and cliffs, homes of spirits that lost their souls. Dear one, don't go there; don't die. Just turn to Jesus and live. As you walk the streets of your city or town or vicinity, look in the faces of all true Christians and see if you cannot discern a brightness and clearness, and glance in their eyes and you will discern a gentle, lovelike look. Under all troubles and tribulations, what causes it? It is the sweet, loving spirit of Christ, the ever-living fountain. Now, look in the faces of those who are in pursuit of worldly joys or worldly gain to the exclusion of religious joys or the debauchee. What do you see? You see a tired, disap-

pointed look, or a hard, cruel cast, or a disappointed, sad and wretched look, sometimes blotched and bloated. The difference is, one is alive, the other is dead. Ye are yet dead in your sins, says Paul. The face is a true index of the character and soul condition, the eye the window of the spirit. Now look, dear one, in the looking-glass and study well your face and see where you stand. The first has joys untold here on earth and a mansion, and their dearest ones departed waiting for them and will live with them in that land of love. The second has no balm for their trouble, trial and tribulations, only ever pursuing enemies. No hope in eternity, only a cave or a cliff on the side of a rugged, barren mountain as a home. Perchance, if not so dead, a cabin where in terror, woe and anguish, not to meet the dear father, mother, child, sister or friend of this world. "Lost! Lost! Oh, if I could be unmade, is the cry and general wail of the lost spirit." Awake! Awake! Call on Christ, who alone can save you; and then with joy, not shame, you shall meet that dear father, mother, child, brother, sister or friend, enfold them to your arms in pure joy and love untold, but most of all, see Jesus face to face and live. May the holy angels help you to call, believe and receive and live, that if we do not meet in the flesh we will clasp glad hands in that land of love. Oh, that I could turn all spirits in the flesh back, back from that land of darkness, from death, to our Mas-

ter's kingdom, to life eternal. I bid you, dear reader, a welcome, in my Master's name, to that land of light and love and glory. Oh, come, pray, come and live, not die.

TRUE FREEDOM.

'Tis strange indeed, though fact it be,
That Jesus died upon the tree,
From Death, to set its captives free,
Who, captive, cannot freedom see.

Vile sin has so enchained man's will,
That death and all attendant ill
Entice and hold him bondman still,
And with this world his senses fill.

E'en those who claim to love Christ's name,
And claim his life, and praise his fame,
Are mostly worldlings just the same,
As if through death, his kingdom came!

'Tis flesh alive by life of God,
And death to life that's of the sod,
That takes away the scourging rod,
That's sinful flesh's eternal prod.

As went the Master through the grave,
From death his trusting friends to save,
He thus to them that emblem gave—
That death in life real death should waive!

A death in life to flesh and sense;
A life in flesh that's not from hence;
A spirit life that is from whence
Our Savior's death made him life's Prince.

Then come! O come! this life receive!
I pray do not yourself deceive;
Do not the Holy Spirit grieve,
But Christ-life take, and death-life leave!

A. PHINNEY.

SPIRIT BIRTH

John 11: 26: "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die," "whosoever keepeth my word shall never see death," or "Whosoever keepeth my sayings shall in no wise taste death." These are the triune statements of Jesus. Again, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, but that which is born of the spirit is spirit." Who is the party speaking? It is Jesus, the Son of our heavenly Father, by birthright. He was, and ever will be, Jehovah. He is addressing Nicodemus, a senator of Israel and a member of the Sanhedrin, the only disciple of Jesus that understood him before his resurrection. How do we know this? By his actions and defense of our Master before Pilate. When Jesus was arraigned before Pilate, charged with many crimes falsely, but two they proved, first changing the day of worship from the seventh to the first; second, making Himself the Son of our heavenly Father. Nicodemus came forward as his attorney, which was according to the Roman law, and when he did the Jews called out in derision, You, Nicodemus, a senator

of our nation and a member of our Sanhedrin, pleading for Jesus? He answered, Yes, I am pleading for Jesus, and will cast my lot with him in this world and in His kingdom which is to come. Nicodemus was a Pharisee. He believed in a spirit, and angel and resurrection, and existence of a spiritual kingdom, and for the sake of that kingdom, and his love of Jesus, he sacrificed his earthly home. Now, we are ready to consider what Jesus and Nicodemus were talking about. It was a plain birth and Jesus said, That which is born of the flesh is flesh, but that which is born of the spirit is spirit. It is no more flesh but spirit. Our Master tells us that after we are born again, we are as an angel; also that it is a heavenly knowledge that he is teaching him; He being the Son of our heavenly Father knew all. Now, as Paul states, he was in the third heaven, as well as Paradise. We are composed of spirit, soul and body. He also states if there is a natural body, there is also a spiritual body. Also the first man Adam became a living soul. The second Jesus became a life-giving spirit. Tim. 1 : 10: "Christ Jesus who abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." Jesus also saith to Pilate that he could call twelve legions of angels. He showed where his kingdom is. In passing over, first, as the worldly veil on our face grows thin, and the optical nerve and pupil of our eye expands, we see the dearest ones of ours that has

passed over. They welcome us and we know and hear them. We also see an angel of the Most High in all his beauty who commands us to come forth, and forth we come. We look back on that body we wore on earth like a chicken to the shell it left, or the caterpillar upon the cocoon when he has become a butterfly, or a cast-off garment. We care no more for it than we do for the old tooth we had pulled years ago, and we wonder why our dear friends are crying over the body, as it is not us, nor the I, and try to comfort them; but they will not heed us. We now look at ourselves and see we have a complete and beautiful body, with robes so white and fine, also to the dear living souls around us, and the angel of light, who takes our hand in his, and the dear spirits of the just ones made perfect surround us, and upward we drift along a road so straight and beautiful, to a light we see in the distance, which is the pearl gates of that land of love, our Master's kingdom. On the left we pass a road that leads to the land of darkness. It looks a shady, beautiful place to rest in. Oh, sad is the condition of those en route to that land of darkness in custody of the angels of darkness. Sad are their faces, deep and long their groans, poor, naked spirits with a grayish robe over them, with faces like a convict under the lash. As you have done to others, so shall it be done to you. Call upon Jesus while you can, and don't go to that woeful land. They take

this road to the left, while we in the care of the glorious angel drift onward to the land of love. It grows more beautiful now as you proceed along this grand highway—trees, homes, similar to earth, but more beautiful. When we arrive at the portals we are greeted by one of the apostles, and angels of beauty. They look so lovely, faces so perfect, large eyes so filled with divine love, so kingly in their forms and actions, robes so white, hands and fingers tapering almost to a point, oh, so lovely and perfect; yet just as gentle and kind as Jesus was. At first glance you would think they were beautiful ladies, their hair hanging in ringlets over their shoulders. Oh, that joyous greeting as they take you by the hand. How the glory flows through you. Oh, the childlike, joyous love that fills you, and as you enter that land you cast a glance back, and see the straight road you have come on to that land of light and glory. The light is a golden azure, no sun nor moon nor stars, lovely golden light everywhere, it seems food, drink and strengthens you. The air is fragrant and invigorates you. As you enter you see a land of immensity. Your eyes are stronger and you can see much farther than with the best telescope on earth. On the left is a park, trees, such models in form, no leaf extending beyond the other, all of different colors, and especially a great number of shades of green. Grass like plush, with small flowers of so many varieties, and shrubs, many

more than on earth and much more beautiful. Roses, even, have no thorns. Shady walks and fountains lovely to behold, where move about in all directions angels and beautiful spirits clothed in robes of white, like driven snow or with a yellow golden tinge, all bent on the enjoyment of each other, greeting, smiling pleasantly to each other and to us new comers in that land of love. Whosoever believeth on Jesus shall never die. Glory to his name! Dear reader, do believe, live and may the Holy Spirit help you to believe, that death is birth and is an occurrence in a continued life.

BIRTH NOT DEATH.

Birth is not death, death is not birth, you see,
These two never have, never will agree;
Jesus died that we in heaven may be,
Spirit birth he gave, O! sweet birth to thee.

This birth redeems us from our earthly clay
Through it we enter everlasting day,
Not death, birth you see, immortality;
Birth, O! joy, individuality.

At birth we meet our dear ones from above
With them we enter everlasting love.
Oh, no! no! death to those who love our Lord,
Sweet birth! Dearest truth! Tell it all abroad.

A SPIRIT BORN

AS SEEN BY

DR. ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Who was a Prophet and One of the Greatest Clairvoyants of the Age.

The philosophy of death is the philosophy of change; not of change in the constitution or personality of the individual, but of change in the situation of human spiritual principle, which, instead of being situated in an earthly body, is placed in a spiritual organization, and instead of living among the objects and personalities of the planet upon which the individual spirit was born, its situation is so altered as to fit it to live amidst more beautiful forms in higher societies. Believe not that what is called death is a final termination to human existence, nor that the change is so thorough and entire as to alter and destroy the constitutional peculiarities of the individual; but believe equitably that death causes as much alteration in the condition of the individual as the bursting of a rosebud causes in the situation and condition of the flower. Death is, therefore, only an event, only a circumstance

in the eternal life and experience of the human soul. In other language, death is simply a birth into a new and more perfect state of existence. Nature, which is the only true and unchangeable revelation of the divine kind, is replete with the most beautiful and demonstrative analogies, or with universal processes which perfectly correspond to the phenomena of physical dissolution. Everything is being incessantly born again, or changed from one state of being into another; and this change is accompanied, accomplished and confirmed by traditional movements or processes which mankind term death.

And this is but a door which opens into a new and more perfect existence. It is a triumphal arch through which man's immortal spirit passes at the moment of leaving the outer world to depart to a higher, sublimer, a more magnificent country. And there is really nothing more painful or repulsive in the natural process of dying (that which is not induced by disease or accident) than there is in passing into a quiet, pleasant and dreamless slumber. The truthfulness of this proposition is remarkably illustrated and confirmed by the following observations and investigations into the physiological and psychological phenomena of death, which I was qualified to make upon the person of a diseased individual, at the moment of physical dissolution. The patient was a female about sixty years of age.

When the hour of her death arrived, I was fortunately in the proper state of body and mind to induce the superior condition (clairvoyant trance state). I saw that the physical organization could no longer subserve the requirements of the spiritual principle. But the various internal organs of the body appeared to resist the withdrawal of the animating soul. The body and the soul, like two friends, strongly resisted the various circumstances, which rendered their eternal separation imperative and absolute. These internal conflicts gave rise to manifestations of what seemed to be, to the material senses, the most thrilling and painful sensations; but I was unspeakably thankful and delighted when I perceived and realized the fact that those physical manifestations were indications, not of pain or unhappiness, but that the spirit was eternally dissolving its copartnership with the material organization.

Now, the head of the body became suddenly enveloped in a fine, soft, mellow, luminous atmosphere; and, as instantly I saw the cerebrum and the cerebellum expand to their most interior portions; I saw them discontinue their appropriate galvanic functions; and then I saw that they became highly charged with vital electricity, and vital magnetism that permeates subordinate systems and structures. That is to say, the brain as a whole suddenly declared itself to be tenfold more positive over the lesser portions of the

body than it ever was during the period of health. This phenomena invariably precedes physical dissolution. Now, the process of dying, or of the spirit's departure from the body, was fully commenced. The brain began to attract the elements of electricity, of magnetism, of motion, of life and of sensation, into its various and numerous departments. The head became intensely brilliant; and I particularly remarked that just in the same proportion as the extremities of the organization grew dark and cold, the brain appeared light and glowing.

Now, I saw in the mellow, spiritual atmosphere, which emanated from, and encircled her head, the indistinct outlines of the formation of another head. This new head unfolded more and more distinctly; and so indescribably compact and intensely brilliant did it become, that I could neither see through it nor gaze upon it steadily as I desired. While this spiritual head was being eliminated and organized out of and above the material head, I saw that the surrounding aromal atmosphere which had emanated from the material head was in great commotion; but as the new head became more distinct and perfect, this brilliant atmosphere gradually disappeared.

In the identical manner in which the spiritual head was eliminated and unchangeably organized, I saw, unfolding in their natural progressive order, the harmonious development of the neck, the shoulders, the

breast and the entire spiritual organization. The defects and deformities of her physical body were in the spiritual body which I saw thus developed, almost completely removed.

While this spiritual formation was going on, which was perfectly visible to my spiritual perception, the material body manifested to the outward vision of the observing individual in the room many symptoms of uneasiness and pain, but these indications were totally deceptive. They were wholly caused by the departure of the vital or spiritual forces from the extremities and viscera into the brain, and thence into the ascending organism. The spirit rose at right angles over the head of the brain of the deserted body, but immediately previous to the final dissolution of the relationship, which had for so many years subsisted between the two, the spiritual and the material bodies, I saw playing energetically between the feet of the elevated spiritual body and the head of the prostrate physical body, a bright stream or current of vital electricity. This taught me what is customarily called death is but the birth of a spirit, from a lower into a higher state; that an inferior body and mode of existence are exchanged for a superior body and corresponding endowments, and capabilities of happiness. I learned that the correspondence between the birth of a child into this world, and the birth of the spirit from the material body into a higher world is absolute and

complete, even to the umbilical cord, which was represented by the thread of vital electricity, which for a few minutes subsisted between and connected the two organisms together. And here I perceived, what I had never before obtained a knowledge of, that a small portion of this vital electric element returned to the deserted body, immediately subsequent to the separation of the umbilical thread; and that portion of element which passed back into the earthly organism instantly diffused itself throughout the entire structure, and thus prevented immediate decomposition. I saw her continue to conform and accustom herself to the new elements and elevating sensations which belong to the inner life. I did not particularly notice the workings and emotions of her newly awakened and fast-unfolding spirit; except that I was careful to remark her philosophic tranquillity throughout the entire process and her non-participation with the different members of her family in their unrestrained bewailing of her departure from the earth.

Could you but turn your natural gaze from the lifeless body, which can no longer respond to your look of love, and could your spiritual eyes be opened, you would behold standing in your midst a form, the same, but more beautiful and loving.

The period required to accomplish this entire change which I saw, was not far from two hours and a half; but this furnishes no rule as to the time re-

quired for every spirit to elevate and reorganize itself above the head of the outward form.

Without changing my position or spiritual perceptions, I continued to observe the movements of her new-born spirit. As soon as she became accustomed to the new elements which surrounded her, she descended from her elevated position, which was immediately over the body, by an effort of the will power, and directly passed out of the door of the bedroom, in which she had lain (in the material form) prostrated with disease for several weeks. It being in the summer months, the doors were all open, and her egress from the house was attended with no obstructions. I saw her pass through an adjoining room, out of the door, and step from the house into the atmosphere! I was overwhelmed with delight and astonishment when, for the first time, I realized the universal truth that the spiritual organization can tread the atmosphere, which, while in the coarse, earthly form we breathe so much more refined in man's spiritual constitution. She walked on the atmosphere as easily, and in the same manner, as we tread the earth, and ascended an eminence.

Immediately upon her emergement from the house, she was joined by two friendly spirits from the spiritual country, and after tenderly recognizing and communing with each other, the three in the most graceful manner began ascending obliquely through the

ethereal envelopments of our globe. They walked so naturally and so fraternally together that I could scarcely realize the fact that they trod the air. They seemed to be walking upon the side of a glorious but familiar mountain. I continued to gaze upon them until the distance shut them from my view; whereupon I returned to my external and ordinary condition.

NEW BIRTH.

A life! We marvel at the thought
As something 'twere from nothing brought,
A germ caught from ethereal plan,
Twirled round and made a spirit-man.

How strange that we, our outer shell
By sin made fit to people hell,
Should deemed be the only state
In which a God could life create.

While eternal space is peopled o'er
With spirits full of life and power,
That travel as a ray of light;
Not needing rest, they have no night.

And yet the ego of the man
Scans o'er the great eternal plan,
And in his mightiness proclaims
His wisdom compasses God's aims.

To spirits God gives greater powers
Than in this physic state of ours;
And God by Christ unfolds a plan
Through grace to mould a spirit-man.

Then marvel not, ye mouldering clay,
Vain, boastful creatures of a day,

And claims with joy the promise giv'n
That comes from God and points to heav'n.

God spake—behold a peopled world—
He speaks—believe—a life he'll mould;
Through faith the quickening will come,
New life is born—heaven its home.

A. PHINNEY.

IN THE SPIRIT

First, Rev. 1:10: "I was in the spirit on the Lord's day and heard behind me a great voice as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last"; ch. 4:1: "After that I looked, and behold a door was open in heaven, and the first voice as of a trumpet, talking with me said, Come up hither and I will show thee things which must come hereafter, and immediately I was in the spirit. And when he had opened the fifth seal I saw under the throne the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and white robes were given unto every one of them"; Rev. 21:10: "He carried me away in the spirit to a great high mountain and showed me that great city, the Holy Jerusalem." John's body lay on the Isle of Patmos while his spirit clothed with soul stood in the seventh sphere and saw just what he tells us he saw, even the multitudes around our Father's throne. Definition of the Holy Spirit in its triune form. Ray divine from our Father and Master. Second, angel hosts. Third, spirits of just ones made perfect, when the Father and Master so wills. Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to do service to those who inherit eternal life?

We find in the Scriptures three terms used to describe the different effects of our Father or the Holy Spirit upon our spirit. First, the spirit in us. Second, the spirit upon us. Third, being in the spirit. The spirit within us is when we feel a joyous sensation pass through us, either in reading a spiritual article or hearing a spiritual man speak, or sing a spiritual song, or think a kind thought, or do a good act. Some of our brothers and sisters acknowledge it by shouting, Glory. This is the spirit in us. Second, spirit upon me; there is a joy passes through us much stronger than the first; in fact, we become dazed as to our earthly surroundings. We either hear a voice speaking to us, or see a picture, sometimes both. We are not a part of it, but just look at it, and we are filled with glory, understand it; it is generally relating to some future occurrence which is to come. This is called a vision. Third, being in the spirit is a separation, temporarily of our inward body or living soul from the outward body, as Ezekiel, Isaiah, Paul and John, Dante, Milton, Mrs. Rebecca Springer, Swedenborg and many others. You see yourself drift through space, see others in the flesh, and spirits both naked and clothed upon, lost or saved, living souls. The land of darkness as well as the land of light, do feel and understand, yea, comprehend things of the past and the future, see angels and talk with them, and when they take you by the hand feel

them, see them, hear them and understand them, as well as all things wherever you are. I for one am seen and recognized by those in the flesh. They hear me, see me, understand what I say to them as I know what I am saying, and have done after I return to my body. I have no control of myself. The Master just sends me. In this state you are to a great extent the same individual you will be after your spiritual birth (by some called death), and know and understand all things much better and clearer than in the flesh. The spirit is our true ego, eternal, immortal. The soul is just the body of the spirit, and is accumulated by the food you feed your spirit, is composed of molecule, particles and atoms from the ethereal sphere above, and is not of this earth or the inner spheres of this earth. The land of darkness, Satan's central kingdom. Spirit, the eternal principle, soul, a principle that can be destroyed, therefore secondary and subject thereto. (Parenthesis denote explanation of copyists or quotation of another, not the original writer.) This is exactly what Paul says, II Cor. 5: 6, 8: "Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord: We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord," but whether absent from the body or present in the body, we aim to be well pleasing unto him. Paul talks as though he had been ab-

sent from his body. What think you? Again, II Cor. 12:24: "I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago. . . . Such a one was caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man how that he was caught up into paradise." He is speaking of when he was stoned and cast out of the city of Lystra for dead. This is synonomous and means the same as being in the spirit, was experienced by the prophets, by Jesus, the apostles John and Paul, by a number of the early fathers, by Dante, Milton and thousands of others. But many will say, This all ended when Jesus arose. But how about Paul and John? I say our heavenly Father is just the same Jehovah, unchangeable. Jesus is just the same Lord and Savior, Son of our dear heavenly Father by birthright, and will be with us unto the end of the world, and ever after to those who love him. The Holy Spirit, dear angels and spirits of dear ones made perfect, doing service to those that shall inherit salvation, and I would say to the materialist professor of religion, get closer to Jesus and work, and be more spiritual. Materialism produces what? Skepticism; and skepticism infidelity. Be like Paul if you only lived as Paul, not for himself, but for Christ our dear Lord and heavenly Father and Holy Spirit. And Jesus says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me the works that I do shall be so also, and greater works than these shall he do because I go unto my

Father." Don't you think we had better believe him? Have we not drifted from our Father, Master and the Holy Spirit? Yes, we have; not them from us.

How I know that I was in the spirit, or absent from the body:

In my first experience, in 1869, 25th of August, although the doctor decided that I was dead, and I fully realized that I was absent from the body, saw the beautiful river, even advanced into it ankle deep, heard my wife's voice, saw her distinctly, and the beauties and glories of the other shore, yet I thought it was a vision. Others tried to convince me and nearly did that it was a beautiful dream; but in my second experience, on August 25, 1899, I saw my true self, my living soul, that is my spirit as I believe there must have been, and was some soul left in my earthly shell or carnal body to keep the spark of life in it, as it is the soul that drives the blood through the veins. I know my spirit, the true ego, myself eternal, was absent from the carnal body, and I fully recognized myself, not only in the land of darkness, but when on that straight road to the land of light, even when I first saw that glorious light, but still more clearly when talking with the angels in the anteroom of that glorious portal; then again when the angel took me by the hand and we drifted down to the beautiful street, and walked up it. And again, when I met my wife in front of that lovely and grand

mansion, enfolded her to my bosom, kissed her and felt her form, especially her shoulder blade in the palm of my right hand through those robes so fine, like silk or satin lawn. I looked at my raiment and saw the spots on it, and again when my Father said, "My son here with soiled raiments"; but I was still more fully convinced when I, through grace, left my body and appeared to Charles C. Rush, in Dunellon, Florida, on Thanksgiving night, 1899. I not only saw him, and his surroundings, but talked to him and he saw me, heard me and knew me to be in the spirit. I have also appeared to others at different times and places as the Master has sent me. I have no control of myself, and as Paul said, I would rather be absent from the body than to be in it, as I am so much more beautiful, and have a capacity of seeing and understanding things so much better and can walk and drift with such glorious speed, and see the glorious eternal things, and am filled with such a pure, divine love. O! it is just glorious, and I long to complete my duties here below and join that beautiful, eternal throng with dear re-born loves in that land of love; especially to see and be with my Savior who loved and loves me, an unprofitable servant.

JESUS AND WORK.

Come closer to Jesus and work;
With pure, sweet love overflowing,
And no, no, never a duty shirk,
O! keep spiritually growing.

Chorus—
Come now, O! come now, yes, just now,
Come closer to Jesus and work.

Then you can see angels untold;
And your reborn loves behold;
Then mysteries of heaven unfold,
Then glorify Jesus and work.

Chorus—
Come now, O! come now, yes, just now,
And glorify Jesus and work.

ANGELS

As some claim that we become angels, others deny that angels have anything to do with us in the present age. Angels are sons by creation of our dear heavenly Father. They are spirits sent forth to do service to those that love him. Our Father is a spirit; so are the cherubims and seraphims. There are different grades of spirits and angels. An angel is just perfect in form and grace. Not one blemish. Fingers of the hand just taper to nearly a point. Eyes large, overflowing with love. Hair hangs in ringlets over their lovely shoulders. Robes, oh, so white. Forms kingly. Their motions perfect. The spirit of the just one made perfect has the same features it had here below. There have been and are billions of faces, no two alike. There is always some little blemish, and when glorified it is beautified. Yes, we will know our dear loved ones full and well, not only close by us, but a long way off in that land of love. We are never more than living souls, or spirits of just ones made perfect. First, Michael, the great archangel, at the left hand of our Father, is the officer of execution. He has never varied from the duties our dear Father

assigned him. He has ever and will be commander of the multitudes of hosts of angels, subject to the command of our dear Father and Savior. An angel of light on earth or in heaven represents him just as a soldier of the United States army represents the commander, and therefore is one of the Holy Spirit in its triune form. They appeared to Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Isaiah, Ezekiel and Elijah, cared for and attended Jesus, Peter, Paul and John, Constantine, Dante, Milton and many of our dear departed ones. Yes, they care and attend upon you and me. That sweet, small voice which guides us to all truth is not what some call conscience, but an angel of light. Some of us, I fear, are attended by an angel of darkness as much or more than we are by an angel of light. This is the reason that is called conscience is often misleading. Is it not singular a good man that tries to do good has a good conscience, while an evil man has an evil conscience? Just pray to our heavenly Father and Master, and ask to be guided by the powers unseen, and you will improve. In fact, the angel of the Lord comes close to you. You hear him clearer and obey him more, and at the birth of your spirit he takes you by the hand and drifts to that land of love. There is not a house of worship on earth, where our dear Father and Master is worshiped, but what the angels congregate there, and go forth from there to their missions of mercy to us poor mortals

here below. There is not a saloon or dive on earth, that the angels of Satan do not gather and go forth on their missions of destruction. What we feel in our Father's house so pleasant and joyous is their presence. In fact, we never enter a place of worship but what they are there and to bless us, if we only call on Jesus, their chief commander. In fact I know this, as I have visited all denominations, Protestants, Catholics and the Synagogue during the last three years, and have seen them in nearly every place of worship, mostly around the minister, rabbi or priest and choir. The lighter and brighter the house of worship is the more distinct and clear can they be seen. They often disappear when passing by a dark object or while passing over a dark space. John knew what he was talking about when he called them spirits of light and not of darkness. I know it would be more pleasant for our visitors from that glory land, if we would have all our churches white and bright inside, instead of dark colors. The house of our Father is indeed the Holy of Holies, and nothing but pure prayers, pure praise, pure thoughts and acts should enter there. I would do away with collections in the main body of the church. Just put the boxes as our fathers did it in the anteroom and let an officer of the church overlook the free offerings. We should not worship angels, only love them as the messengers

of love of our dear Father and Master. Worship nothing but the Holy Trinity.

ANGELS OF LIGHT.

Angels of light are glorious and bright
Sons of creation by our Father of light,
Lovely they walk and drift with great speed and might,
And fill you with glory! So perfect their face,
Large eyes overflowing with love and grace;
Their long hair hangs in long curls like lovely silk,
O! They are beautiful and perfectly built.

Robes, lovely white, silk crepe like satin lawn,
Their movements are majestic, their arms are strong,
By their gentle and loving kindness you know
That they to our great Commander, Jesus, go.
They loved Abraham and Joseph, left Saul,
Jesus our dear Savior they love more than all,
O! hear them, obey them when upon you they call.

Waited on Peter, waited on John and Paul,
They visit you; they visit me, they visit all,
Especially those who on Jesus really call.
Then call unto him, our King, and you shall have
A dear lovely angel close by you to save,
And gently tell you when you are wrong or right;
Some call it conscience, it's an angel of light.

They gather in our churches, both great and small,
From there go on their missions of love to all,
Whenever you enter our dear Father's house,
Just remember they are there, a perfect host.
Love them ever you should, with a love so true;
Never worship, that to the Trinity is due.
O! hear them, obey them, they really love you!

O! praise our Father for the comforters here,
They are gathering us now for that last great day;
Then turn to Jesus our King while yet you may,
Make sure of him, he will ever be true to you,
And gather you on his right in that review,
If you would live with them and our Savior dear,
Hear and obey, their sweet, still, small voice so clear.

THE LAND OF DARKNESS

That it exists I know. That it is in this world in different spheres of intensity as you advance into it I am assured. I have not been so far in that land as Dante, and others, but as far as I was sent can say that he and others speak the truth regarding it. As I do not remember when in the spirit the route I went over until I was there, but have a distinct knowledge of the route I came over when I came into that straight, narrow, when compared with its length, and beautiful highway, that leads from this world of ours to our dear Master's kingdom. In entering that land of darkness you are first impressed with the light, if light it is, a light overshadowed with darkness, about as light as a quarter moon overshadowed with a cloud. But for all that you can see quite a distance and see things distinctly. Also the barrenness of it, not even a blade of grass, soil a dingy brownish hue, exceedingly rocky. But most of all, what impresses you is a fear, indescribable and intense, a feeling that you are lost, and that something is hunting you to injure you. Job says, "Before I go whence I shall not return, to the land of dark-

ness and shadow of death, a land of darkness as darkness itself and shadow of darkness without any order, and where the light is darkness, outer darkness." Jesus says they shall be cast into outer darkness. The paths, I may call them, look like roads, but narrow and bending continually, with occasionally a hovel, wretched in appearance. Some with pickets set close around them, extending above the eaves of the hovels. No windows, doors barred. You even fear to approach them.

I have been sent to that land twice. The last time went farther into it, consequently saw more of it. Would say that it is an immense land of sorrow, fear and destruction. You soon begin to see lost spirits and demons. The demons hunt you in your defenseless state, and it seems to give them pleasure, if such a thing exists in that terrible land. They are armed, while you are not, with javelins, spears and knives. Your appeals of mercy are never regarded. At least, so I observed it in their treatment of others. I ran into a hovel to hide. It has three rooms. First, twelve by sixteen; nothing in it; it looked as though it had just been vacated. Two rooms to the right, about eight by ten, had a bench in it. Third room had nothing in it, and all the hovel looks very dirty and filthy. As I started from the door of the third room, intending to leave the hovel, having found no place to hide, a creature came in at the only opening,

preventing my escape. It had the form of a man, but oh, how hideous. The face was blotched and demontic, the eyes piercing and fierce. Was clothed in a dark, grayish raiment, armed with a weapon like a javelin, about six feet long. He started towards me in the first and second position of charge bayonet. I just stood trembling with fear and terror, when something unseen by me placed within my left hand what seemed to be a guard. At this the fear left me. I became cool and calm and awaited his assault. He thrust towards me. I parried in quarte and then I beheld that I had a beautiful sword of fire in my left hand. I thrust in tierce and pierced his left side. He fell. He was about five feet, six, high, broad and massive, of a grayish color, slimy and disgusting. After examining him I stepped over his body and left the hovel.

After passing farther into that dreadful land, it becomes more barren, if such can be, more rugged, higher mountains, narrow valleys, where you see the poor, lost spirits clad scantily in dark grayish robes, faces like convicts under the lash, forms like skeletons' bodies, but they have an ashy color, they lack soul, singly or in groups of ten to twenty. Every spirit and creature is against every other, and the more cruel they can be and act towards each other and all comers—in fact, cruelty, deception, hatred, malice and murder, if such could be, seem to be the

prevailing disposition of all, and oh, how depraved. High and rugged walls of rocks, narrow paths, shelving cliffs, and caves in the rocks their homes, if they have any, where they lay and moan in anguish and despair, regretting their past lives on this earth, knowing now what they have lost, attacking each other and injuring others continually. Oh, how they court death, which will never come. I saw no water in that desert of deserts, and their cries, screams and oaths, oh, how terrible. This is the land and home that Satan and his powers would have you spend an eternity in. Will you go there, dear brother, sister, child? Oh, pray, don't go; and as heat increases as you descend into the bowels of the earth, so do I believe suffering, anguish and horrors are increased as you enter farther into that woeful land.

THE HOME OF THE LOST.

There is a land of dreary, dreary darkness,
Without sunshine of day or blackness of night;
Overhanging with clouds that infuses a shudder,
And bedims those things so real in our sight.

Barren desert of all deserts, so woeful and dreary,
High rocks, rugged chasms, so deep and so bold.
Narrow paths and high mountains that make us grow weary,
Caves, cliffs, homes of spirits, who lost their souls.

They see themselves like all spirits do,
Each other they dread, and in all things they doubt;
Their robes are all stained when brought into view;
And like skeletons in fear they wander about.

Here dwell all sad spirits shut out from the light,
They scramble in fear with terror untold;
From dark demons, who hunt them, pursue with their might,
The same that on earth had destroyed their souls.

No dear one to cheer them nor their burden to bear,
So dirty, so filthy, and dreary to see,
A hovel on earth is a mansion to this;
Would you have such a home for you and for me?

There is no place to hide, there's none to protect,
Why live in sin and shame so long;
When Jesus would save us if now we accept,
And put in our mouth the heavenly song?

Escape this wretched misery, the life of real despair,
And come to Jesus who alone can set you free;
He is our only refuge, the crown is in his hands,
And the angels wait to welcome you and me.

LAND OF LOVE

OUR HOMES AND OUR DEAR ONES.

Job says, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and after my body is destroyed, that without the flesh shall I see God. I shall see him for myself and not for another. Mine eyes shall behold him." He knew that his Redeemer lived. Do you? He knew that he would live in the presence of our dear heavenly Father. Do you? Grand old man of ancient days. But remember, he saw affliction. So must you. He bore it sublimely. So should you. Moses and Elijah went to that land and returned to this earth and stood by Jesus on the mount, were seen, known and heard to talk by John, Peter and James—three witnesses. Jesus was showing in his divine way just what I in my weak way have been trying to show you. What makes the citizens of that land of glory, our Master's kingdom? Living souls! just such bodies are in our earthly tabernacles. Aaron was gathered to his people, so was Moses. Glorious must have been the departure of that great high priest on Mt. Horan, as he closed his eyes on Moses his brother, Eleazar, his son, and opened them to meet and greet those dear

ones gone on before, his people in that land of our Father, of which the land of Canaan was the type.

Again, Moses on Pizgah, as Aaron, was gathered to his people, so was he just on the verge of the land of promise. He enters Paradise, next he is seen standing on Mt. Tabor with Elisha and Jesus, Lord of lords, but a living soul or spirit of a just one made perfect.

David said in mourning for Absalom, "I shall go unto him." He knew his son lived and that he would live and meet him in heaven. Do you? Isaiah tells you of that land in the sixth chapter and nineteenth verse. After giving us a description of the bright light and glory, also that no mourning shall be there, then so that you cannot be mistaken says, the people shall be all righteous. They shall inherit the land forever. Again, in the thirtieth chapter, their eyes shall see the king in his glory; also that we will all understand each other, our language shall be the same. Look upon Zion, the city of our salvation, a tabernacle that shall never be removed, a place of broad rivers and trees, a far-stretched land. A place where there is no sickness. The people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity, and the Lord shall be our King. He will save us. Sixty-fifth chapter, "For behold I create a new heaven and a new earth. The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock. The

wolf and the lion shall lie with the kid and the lamb. The leopard shall lie down with the kid. The calf, the young lion and the fatling together and a little child shall lead them." Ezek. 37: "And I shall put my spirit in you and ye shall live, I will place you in your own land, and ye shall know that I am the Lord, when I open your graves, oh, my people, and brought you out of your graves." This occurred when Jesus arose, and many spirits of the ancients were seen, and Pilate says, in his letter to Tiberius Cæsar, "that I myself saw many." And they shall dwell in the land forever. I shall be their God and they shall be my people. Again, when Ezekiel was in the spirit, he gives us a description of one of the rivers in that land. "By the river and upon the banks thereof, on this side and on that side, shall grow all the trees for meat whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit be consumed, ever growing, always abundant." Joel, second chapter: "I will show wonders in the heavens above, and whosoever calleth on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

Now salvation is not all; it is only a ticket through the portal. The thief from the cross passed that portal, so may you; but as by fire. If you leave off becoming a follower of the Master until just passing over, you are but a naked spirit in that land of love, no soul to speak of, no body, only a tramp in a land of glory, and it will take you ages to accomplish

what you could if you only would do your duty while here below, and do His will as near as you can. All sin shall be forgiven unto man except sin against the Holy Ghost. The sweet, small voice. Millions that have been like the thief on the cross. He only asked and was saved.

Most of our human family, if never before, just in passing out cry, "Jesus, be merciful to me a sinner." I care not what crime he had committed, he or she is saved; but oh, such poor, sick, almost naked spirits. I do not recommend calling at the last moment, but it is much better than to go to the land of darkness, although it is cowardly and risky, for who knows that an opportunity will be given to call. So, dear one, call while you can; and the more you serve our Master here, the better will be your condition in that land, and then go sweeping through the portal attended by the angels, and greeted in love by the dear ones, a spirit of a just one made perfect.

John the Baptist came preaching, The kingdom of heaven is at hand; Jesus that, The kingdom of God is nigh unto you. Jesus again says, "It is indeed nigh unto you." Yes, it is indeed; just close by, enfolding this gross world of ours so close that Stephen saw our Master on the right hand of our heavenly Father. Stonewall Jackson saw it when he said, "Let us cross the river and rest in the shade of the trees." So close that our dear ones in passing out see it.

Paul tells us that he was in the third heaven and paradise. John was in the seventh heaven or sphere and saw the Holy City and gives us a description of it. Revelation, 21st chapter, also describes the river. Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am, there ye may be, also." Paul tells us in the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, 22, 23: "But ye are come into mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable host of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect." This is what I am trying to convince you of. I can use no language as forcible as his. Oh, do believe him, and in Jesus the mediator of the new covenant. Paul tells us again that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved we have a building of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Jesus as the Son of our dear heavenly Father by birthright, and Paul our apostle, knew. Dante, through grace, saw some of the beauties of that land; so did Milton, Swedenborg, Miss Rebecca Springer and thousands of others. It is, as Isaiah says, a far-stretched land with rivers wide and long. Oh, the sweet purity of pure love in that blessed land of love—

home. An immense land. This world is as but a grain of sand on the seashore compared to it. Oh, the sweet purity of pure love in that blessed land. All space is full of life. There is no vacuum in the universe.

Yes, the wonders of heaven have been shown; but the world at large will not believe it any more than the ancients did the prophets, nor the Jews Jesus. Only a few, when compared to the great mass of the people; but if we can only help the few and be the means through grace of saving a few more from that land of darkness to the land of light, and higher stations in that life, we are fully repaid, not here, but in eternity.

When you consider the billions of living souls that have gone over, and remember that no two objects of the same nature can occupy the same space at the same time, you can form some idea of the immensity of that land. By what I have read of other witnesses that have been to that land of love, and my own experiences, I should say that each nationality has its own country. I know that each family has its own circle. Our fathers will be our fathers, our dear mothers our own mothers, our dear ones, husbands and wives, our own, our children our very own family circles, eternal in the heavens, with such pure love more intensified and glorified. There are many cities, but Jerusalem is the capital. Many towns and communities. Each one is situated in just the con-

dition that best suits his taste for happiness and service to our King, all things being equal.

John tells us that Jerusalem is fifteen hundred miles wide, broad and high. I know it is true by what I have seen myself. Mansions so high that you could not see the tops, and in the spirit you see with your spiritual eyes much farther and clearer than you can with a telescope here on earth; and don't you know that an angel or a spirit of a just one made perfect, can lay, rest or float and drift at will through space? Height, depth, distance is nothing to them. Their flight is equal to the speed of light, and it is just as easy for them or you when in the spirit to raise and enter a balcony fifteen hundred miles high or drift down fifteen hundred miles! Yea, much easier than when you in the flesh have to step up one or two steps to enter an earthly house. Some mansions are immense, away beyond what we can conceive from a worldly point of view. All things are equal. Mansions four hundred feet broad and four hundred feet high are very common, each one built of some one precious gem, while many are much larger. Others are like immense suburban residences, only larger and more beautiful, surrounded with beautiful groves, walks, fountains and flowers, all distinctly arranged with various styles of architecture, built of different gems, therefore different colors. Looking along the fronts of the larger mansions you can see a halo of

all colors of the rainbow, only ten thousand times more beautiful. I noticed there were no windows nor doors where I was, just golden and bronze colored damasks in various colored portieres, in many instances thrown back like curtains in the windows of our best houses here below. Our dear ones gone on before that we have not already met meet us here. Trees in that land are of different colors and some bear different kinds of fruit, many of the kinds not known here. All are perfect in shape and of different shades and colors, not one leaf extending beyond another, no dead leaves nor twigs, grass like plush of the brightest green, flowers, oh, so many; some like we have here on earth, and thousands of others more beautiful. Shrubbery of all kinds, most beautiful. I noticed that the rose there had no thorns, and so many different varieties. Fountains and lovely walks everywhere. Streets and roads broad and beautiful; trees on the side and center; bridges of pure gold, lovely to behold. Angels, spirits of just ones made perfect, all moving here and there, greeting each other in love continually, even strangers as we call them here, none there; all know and we are known.

I should say the occupations of that land are numerous, but mostly along the line as our Savior did while on earth, administering to each other in love to their advancement; also to assist and educate and

bring up to the standard of our family circle the weak ones of our kin, the black sheep of the flock who had called upon the Lord, so that which gives us great trouble and sorrow here brings us great joy in that other land, to which I hope and pray all the readers of this volume will attain. There are also woods and plains, lakes and rivers, bowers of rest and country homes, just elegant in arrangement.

Oh, that land of love, how I long for it while I write of it; mountains with gentle slopes, hills and valleys similar to this world of ours; but grander and more beautiful, lovely, ever-blooming; the rivers are clear like molten silver, calm and oh, how lovely to bathe in. Flowers even in the water, and you have no fear in the water as you have here. Just as much at home in it, and more so, than you are in the air on earth on a pretty spring morning. I saw horses in that land and they were magnificent in form and motion. Others have seen different kinds of animals there. In fact, we are surrounded with what pleases us most all through the loving care of our dear Lord and King, Christ Jesus, our Adoration. You love Him here, but you will adore Him there. Well did Isaiah say, "The Lord is the light thereof." Light a golden azure, clear and glorious. No night, just beautiful dimming of the glory light enters everywhere; just as light in a hallway or apartment as in the open air; just soft, gentle, loving illumination. No light

like it on earth, nor even to compare with it. Air, a balmy fragrance, pervades everywhere laden with the odor of ever-blooming flowers; so gentle, no storms nor winds of force, just a gentle movement so lovely Few have been to the same part of this immense land of love. No two that I have heard of, but at the same time all agree to the general facts. The mansions are furnished beautifully, far beyond anything on earth, just as the occupant desires. Oh, come, pray come, and be at home with the dear ones and our Lord. May the Holy Spirit lead you there.

UP THERE AT HOME.

Whene'er our earthly body
A carnal veil of clay
Is gently, kindly, sadly,
Laid out in death's array,
We shall see a bright, lovely,
Glorious, golden day
Upon our glad arrival
So safe up there alway.

Then shall we behold thee,
Beautiful angels bright,
Who wait to welcome us in
Their beauty and their might
At the pearl gate so brilliant,
Glad sight and precious boon,
So gently, and so lovingly,
Just up there at our home.

Then behold ourselves,
In lovely robes of white,
Beautiful like silk crepe,
Or lovely satin bright,

Woven by our spirits
In actions of this life,
Through power of our own
King's love; up there at home.

Then shall we be welcomed
At home at last through grace,
By those darling ones whom
We have loved, our mates,
And feel once more their loving,
Sweet arms around us thrown
In perfect love's embrace
So pure and fast at home.

Then shall we greet those loving ones,
Forever more so dear,
Father, mother, sister brother,
Our own again reborn,
Children, friends and loving angels,
Forever to us near,
Husbands, wives and spiritual loves
Of earthly life at home.

Then shall we adore our Savior,
Our ever loving King,
Us and our precious treasures,
Ever will he enthrone,
And to our happy spirits,
Our souls will ever cling,
Our celestial bodies beauties,
And safely home, our home.

Then we find sweet love's employ
In love's lovely retreat,
In our dear Father's house,
Never again to roam
There we will view our mansions
Glorious, grand and sweet,
And kneel in love at Jesus' feet,
Forever more at home.

When John the Baptist came preaching the kingdom of heaven is at hand, Matt. 3:2, Jesus the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you. Again, it has indeed come nigh unto you, it just encircles this gross world of ours. Paul heard Jesus plainly when he called him on the road to Damascus. Stephen saw him at the right hand of our Father. It is not right for us to say that things do not exist that we do not see with these carnal eyes of ours. First, you can count the spokes of a bicycle when standing still, but as it increases the speed you lose sight of the spokes. What has occurred? The vibration of motion has been increased beyond the capacity of your eye in its natural state. An angel or spirit or the spirit of a just one made perfect, their bodies vibrate so fast that we cannot see them unless the optical nerve and pupil of our eye is expanded so as to take in the speed of the vibrations of their body. That is what occurs when a vision is beheld. It is often called the removal of the earthly veil. It often occurs when our dear ones are passing over, as the experiences and evidences of said fact in this book will prove. Yes, they often come from the ethereal sphere and space above us into this gross sphere to warn, guide and protect us groping mortals here below. Great is the love of our mother, and do you think the mother's love loses any of its strength or purity? No, it increases in that land of love. So does all pure love.

There have been men and women in all ages and times that have and do see them at times. Those of the upper or outer spheres understand what Jesus taught and know a great deal more than we do. Many ask the question, How can they be happy when they see our troubles here below? Why do you not feel that same sorrow that a little child feels when it breaks its doll? Because you know it is a lesson to the little one, and if she is wise will be benefited by it. They in the eternal world look towards our eternal welfare, and there is nothing like trials and tribulations to bring us nearer to our Father and Master, and increase the growth of soul on our spirits. Again, you would ask, Don't they miss the lost ones or the weak ones of the family? Joel, second, says that "whosoever calleth on the name of the Lord shall be saved." Again, Acts 2:21, Peter in that great sermon of sermons, when three thousand souls were begotten by the spirit, says the same: "Whosoever calleth on the name of the Lord shall be saved." So say I. The thief on the cross only asked and was saved.

Wherever the name of Christ has been preached, very few pass out without saying, Jesus be merciful to me. He or she is saved there and then; but salvation is not all of it, it is just a ticket through the gates of Paradise. I do not recommend calling at the last moment, as some are unable to call, therefore, lost. And at best you are only a naked spirit or tramp

in a land of glory, just a spirit, saved as by fire. Oh, so little soul, and it takes them a long time to bring them up to that state of joy, the family circle in our Master's kingdom, and I doubt if they ever reach the altitude of glory they would have done, had they done their duty here below. But it is the duty of those in higher spheres to educate and elevate the weaker spirits. Just as Jesus did here on earth, so will we do there, and glorious is the labor of love.

Yes, an inorganic or spiritual world could pass through this world of ours and we be none the wiser unless we were a clairaudiant or clairvoyant. The two worlds are growing more close, that is, those that love the Lord, and closer shall they come until Jesus appears in all his glory. Many saw them at the resurrection of the Lord. Even Pilate saw many. A spirit of our Master can descend even to hell, ascend as high as he has soul to float himself, and a lost spirit cannot drift above his sphere, as he has no soul. Soul gives them the buoyancy. I know our dear ones appear to us. I have seen my first wife a number of times, and on the 25th of August, 1906, my mother appeared at my bedside about two A.M., and kissed me three times, and I kissed her in return. My first wife has often talked to me and I to her. Yes, our dear ones are near and love us just the same. They are gone on before us. We are not lost to them, although we don't all see them. They will meet us if we love the

Lord, greet us, and escort us to our homes above with the angel host, and we will live with them in our Father's kingdom. Our fathers, our own fathers, our mothers, our own dear mothers, our brothers and sisters, our own, dear partners and lovers of life, our own, our children, our very own, our dear ones are happy, with faces and forms just the same, only beautified. They enjoy their growth in knowledge, they enjoy their beautiful homes, they enjoy their duties there, and each other's society, as there is not deception, as all see and are known. They enjoy their visits to us mortals here below; in fact, it is all joy, glory, peace and love, oh, love untold, walking, drifting through that land of glory with their dear ones, and joyously wait for us here below to come and join the glorified multitudes, all through Jesus our King, who is Jehovah ever. Glory to his name! and our dear Father who loves us. Glory in the highest!

OUR HOME.

When we approach the glorious,
And radiant Gate of Pearl bright;
We are welcomed at the portal,
By our dear Father's sons of light,
Who kindly and gently greet us.
O! so sweet in their loving might.
Divine forms, as men, but perfect,
So sublime in robes of pure white;
Bright eyes overflowing with love,
They win us by their glance at sight;
We are filled with love-glory,
O! the joyous child-like delight.

They gently take our hands in theirs,
So kind and lovingly in love;
And lead us into a glorious,
Grand city of our Father above.
Beautiful is the lovely view,
So far can you see in that land;
On the left a park glorious,
Trees, flowers, walks and verdure grand;
All perfect in form, rose no thorns,
Like plush or bright green is the grass.
Are kind and lovingly greeted,
By all living souls as we pass.

The lovely streets are straight and broad,
Beautiful arched bridges of gold,
Trees rainbow green on every side,
Twelve kinds of fruit do they hold,
Procession of spirits made perfect,
Move forward so grand to behold.
O! perfect their forms and motions;
As more glory spheres they unfold,
With sweet, divine, lovely music,
This heavenly song they all sing,
Of their salvation by Jesus,
Our Lord, Adoration and King.

The light is a clear, golden azure,
Lovely, glorious and sublime;
The atmosphere rich with fragrance,
Happifies you beautiful clime.
All things are divine and equal,
O! such magnificence you see;
All things at home are perfect,
In beauty, glory and purity,
A land of immense infinity,
With the lovely rivers wide and long
O! the sweet purity of pure love,
In that blessed land of love—Home.

On the right, beautiful, glorious,
Lovely mansions broad and high,—
White columns and long balconies;
Divine architecture that vie,—
Each one built of a precious gem,
Sublime and beautiful to view;
With individual colors radiant,
Lovely pure white steps and arches, too,
Viewing along the fronts so brilliant,
You see royal bright colors blend;
The rainbow at ten million times
Its beautiful brightness is dim.

In the far distance are mansions,
Beautiful homes, numbers untold;
Like suburban residences near,
Our royal large cities of old.
Surrounded by beautiful groves;
Lovely walks, fountains and flowers,
Where dwelleth those dear, sweetest loves,
Darlings just gone on before ours;
They come joyfully greeting us,
And we them to our arms enfold;
Their forms so lovely and perfect,
The same beautiful faces behold.

We enter our lovely mansion,
And behold a grand winding stair;
Is columns and golden damask,
Suspending, lovely, everywhere;
Is royally furnished complete.
O! beautiful, pure and clean there,
Joyously greet and are welcome,
Lovingly by all home reborn;
It is the land of our Father,
And we never again will moan.
It is pure divine love-glory;
Forever with Jesus at Home.

WHY DREAD TRANSITION?

Should we not prepare for transition, and why should so many call spiritual things or beings uncanny and fear them? When children we longed to be larger and older boys and girls, then we longed for manhood and womanhood. Then to be parents, then grandparents, and obtain all the good things of life. But when we come to transition, most of the human family halt. The only certain thing that is certain to occur in our lives is the least thought of, and feared, and if we have only accepted Jesus, lived the life we should live, it should be the happiest moment of our lives. Let us all up and be preparing for that great event certain to come to each one of us. We fear not each other now, we fear not those in the flesh, why those in the spirit world? We are in the flesh now, clothed with flesh, then spirits clothed with soul, and if we only call on Jesus just inside of that land of love, a tramp. If we have lived on earth as we should, a living soul clothed fully with soul and beautiful as angels. Oh, I pray you to not fear the powers of our Lord, be it the sweet small voice, or angel, or spirits of just ones made perfect. Court

them by obedience to the impressions of the same. How many in all ages from Adam to the present day have seen angels, their dear ones and greeted them with joy. So may you. The greatest reason I believe is ignorance of the Bible, the teachings of Jesus and Paul, and neglect of the same and nonacceptance of witness of others here on earth who are merely witnesses of the same spiritual world, to which we are all going, a land of darkness or a land of light and love.

Which will it be for you, my dear reader? One or the other it must be. Who is your master, Jesus or Satan? Which are you going to live with in eternity? Let me assure you that if you will love the Lord you will greet that child with love, that sister, that brother, that dear wife or husband, father and mother, all your own in love more intense and glorious, joy untold, more lovely than when on earth, and perchance they may greet you here on earth just as you depart with the Master's will. Have not many in this volume given you evidence of their seeing their dear ones? Many have been in that land of love and gave you good descriptions of it. Some passed over and some living on the earth to-day that have seen it, walked and drifted in it, saw, beheld and known just witnesses of the dear old Bible, both Old and New. Will you not believe them? Most of them have been to different locations, but all agree in general princi-

ples, and after having been there all intense workers for our Master, free of charge to all men, aiming to turn all the spirits in the flesh to that land of glory, our Master's kingdom, knowing they will receive their reward upon their arrival home again at last. Come, oh, I pray you, come, and be happy in eternity. Fear not that which is good, but court it. Judge ye the spirits. Any that acknowledge Christ Jesus as King, love them, obey them, and it will be well for you, and our heavenly Father as their Father. Avoid all that do not ackuowledge Jesus as King. Court angels or spirits of just ones made perfect. Love them but do not worship them. They do not desire it. Worship only the Holy Spirit, Jesus and our Father, blessed Trinity.

There is no pain in transition. You never fell alseep so gently and easily. In fact, going to sleep and transition are very similar, only the latter is more joyous and lovely. You close your eyes and open them, just pass out of your carnal shell as the angel takes your hand, and if strong in the Lord stand filled with love and glory and wonder why your dear friends are weeping. What affects you most is to see them weep, and they will not listen to you nor see you when you try to comfort them. You see earthly things as well as spiritual things all around you. Angels and dear friends that have come to welcome you and all your earthly friends near, also at a distance. The

spiritual eye is stronger than any telescope on earth. You can pass through buildings like you do through the air while in the flesh. Then the angel takes your hand and the other loved ones made perfect gather around you and you drift to that lovely land so close by, joyously singing as you go, seeing and being seen, loving and being loved with a love as pure, blessed love, blessed land, so close that if you are a clairvoyant you could see them, and that land or a clairaudiant and hear the glorious music. It is indeed nigh unto us as Jesus said. It enfolds this little world of ours. It is all space. There is no vacuum. Our dear Father created nothing for nothing. All have their place and plane in some of the spheres in glory, as we have loved the blessed Trinity and done our duty to our fellow-men. Oh, believe me, you need have no fear if you only love our Lord. Jesus said, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die," and he always told the truth. It is birth, not death you see, just an occurrence in a continued life and like the early fathers and those that have loved Him intensely even in the present age, long for transition. This is why the early fathers and martyrs rushed to Rome fearful that they would not be martyred or counted worthy to pass over as witnesses for Jesus, and was what conquered Rome and the greater part of Europe. Jesus said you shall not see nor taste

death. Oh, come to him who giveth life, life eternal in love.

SPIRIT BIRTH.

Upon a lovely bed,
A Christian mother lay,
Passing gently on from
This earthly life away.
Her lovely face brightens
With glory, love and joy,
As she sees on the right
Her reborn little Roy—
Passed lately on from earth
Her dearest baby boy.

On the left she sees her
Mother and husband dear,
Come to meet and welcome
Her re-born spirit here;
They greet her most lovingly,
And kindly bid her come
To our Master's kingdom,
Land where they never moan;
She nods sweet and whispers,
"I am now going—home!"

Near an angel of grand,
Lovely form and face stands,
Who entreats her now come forth—
Jesus our Lord commands!
And lo! forth she gently comes,
As He takes her pure hand—
A lovely, living soul,
The same as made in man.
Glory, Father, glory, Son,
Her victory is won!

Her face, oh, how radiant!
But just the same, I know,

Eyes with pure love glowing,
  Her form is perfect now,
Robes so white and brilliant,
  Like crepe or satin lawn;
Her motions free and easy,
  So queenly she has grown—
Oh, lovely, yes, all lovely,
  Are our dear loves reborn.

They around her gather,
  Greeting, loving and sweet,
She responds to their welcome,
  Wonderful joy so great.
Each side of her lovingly,
  They gently take their stand—
The holy angel then
  Leads gladly in the van,
And home, home, joyfully drift,
  To our Lord's glory land!

WITNESSES OF THE TRUTH

I will arrange the witnesses as to the identity, individuality, and immortality of the spirit of man, and to those spheres to which he goes after he has lived his allotted time on this earth of ours, according to the intensity of the spiritual powers upon them. First, one who wishes to give here evidence as many others have, and was not allowed to by the powers of this earth. Second, those who have by vision or the spirit upon them granted by our dear heavenly Father and Master the privilege of seeing their dear ones as they pass over, and those that have seen their dear ones and others when in perfect health. Third, those who by grace have experienced being in the spirit, or a separation of the inward body, the living soul and from the outward body, the carnal shell we wore here on earth.

ABERDEEN, MISS., August 29, 1906.

On the 25th of April, 1882, in Aberdeen, Miss., Mrs. Geo. W. Bashaw, in passing over was in a trance state twenty minutes. When she revived she said, "I wish you would let me tell you what I saw. I have had an insight into heaven. Let me tell you. You will be sorry some day that you will not let me tell you." The doctor had given orders prohibit-

ing her from talking, and she passed out with a smile on her face.

Witnesses to same:
MRS. J. V. MIMS,
A. W. PEEK,
GEO. W. BASHAW.

In the desire to give evidence of what she had seen while absent from her body, yes, even as she states, she has no doubt seen the beauties and glories of that heavenly land, but some of our doctors of all ages have closed the lips of those that would have been bright and glorious witnesses of the identity, individuality and immortality of the spirit, by orders and by drugs. Oh, what a crime against humanity. Here a mother and wife wishes and is not allowed to, even pleading, "let me tell you. You will be sorry some day that you will not let me tell you." No, we will never know what she saw until we meet her in that land of love. How many thousands have been silenced by this world's powers, and not only in this way have many been prevented from giving their evidence, but thousands have been buried while in a trance state, as the evidence of undertakers that have charge of removing corpses from old burying grounds show. They state that it is not uncommon to find a corpse turned over, and evidences of struggles to release themselves from a living tomb. No person should be buried or embalmed until mortification sets in. Again, how many turn to their

dear ones they have known all their lives and knew them to be perfectly truthful and say, "Oh, you have lost your mind," or say it to a second person in the room, even so they hear it. Cruelty of cruelties. How can you do it? Why not give the same credence to the witnesses of heaven that you do to the witnesses of earth? You say you do. I say you don't, and will prove it. In all of our cities, towns or even in the country, there are some poor, weak men or women that are given to drink or drugs. Two persons are walking together and they hear a shot or scream. They run to the place, and there they find a poor man that you nor no one else that knows him would take his word for ten cents, just passing out. He says clearly and distinctly, so we both hear him, "James Jones killed me." We go before a grand jury and state what he said. They will indict, try and convict James Jones unless he can prove an alibi. This is true in all courts of the civilized world. Now our dear ones that we have known all their lives, and would take their word for anything, when passing out, we say they have lost their minds. For shame. Let us be honest and give the same credence to heavenly witnessing that we do the evidence of earthly things

FROM THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN—WHO CAN EXPLAIN?

From the "Life of Dr. Danby," by the Rev. E. C. Johnson, I quote. Dr. Danby says: On Sabbath

morning I was thought so much better that everybody went to church, leaving me to my wife's care. I then had an experience of which I am as certain as I am of my own existence, but which I cannot explain. As I lay on my bed, in this easy, calm and rational state, I heard for a considerable time, hymn after hymn of soft, sacred music coming apparently from the direction of Mrs. Sarah Bobcoks'. There was one kind of soft instrument accompanied by sweet female voices. I could never remember the tunes though I had a faint impression that one was a very sweet hymn new to me, which I had heard in Westminster Abbey in London in 1880. I called my wife to enjoy the music with me and asked her if it could not be some of the girls of the neighborhood singing just for my enjoyment. She declared that she heard nothing. I asked her to go to the back of the house and watch Mrs. Bobcoks' house and learn if the music did not come from there. She went, watched, listened, and declared there was no music, that the house was closed and all the family gone to church. After a time the music ceased, leaving me much pleased and refreshed. Such are the dry facts; what is the explanation? May it be that I had come so near death that I heard the sweet, faint echoes of the heavenly choir, or can it be that this strange music was the deceitful result of some morbid cerebral or my own brain now relaxing from its tension? I assert no opinion, I know the facts. I quote this that I may relate what was told me when I was visiting the family of one of the elders of my church in Lownes Church, Alabama, where I was preaching in 1859. One of the daughters told me of the death of a sister a few months before. The husband of that sister had taken her to Texas on account of her health a few years before her death. The move proved only a temporary benefit, as she had lung trouble. As the end drew near, fully realizing her condition, she said to her physician, who was not a Christian, but rather inclined to skepticism, she wanted

him to be with her when she died, that he might see how a Christian could die. This proved true, as he, with her kindred, was standing by her bed, bidding her a loving farewell. After being silent for a little while, looking up, she said, "Doctor, do you hear that music? It is so sweet, but it sounds a long way off." She repeated the question a number of times, saying, "It is coming nearer. O! it is beautiful!" Turning to her friends, she asked, "Can't you hear it?" With her face beaming as with joy, as with joy inexpressible, she repeated time and again, "Oh, so sweet, and it comes nearer! I never heard anything like it." The end came leaving upon her face such an expression as words cannot show. Again a few months after that, visiting the same house, in conversation with the same sister, she told me about the death of a child of a friend of hers, a short time before. There were two sisters, one married, the other unmarried, who made their homes together. The married sister died, leaving a little daughter, some three or four months old, to the care of her sister. Some six months after her mother's death, the little daughter died. The sisters were both lovely Christians. As the little one was passing away, her aunt kneeling by her bed watching life ebbing away, the little one with closed eyes, as the aunt thought, was dead. Very much to her surprise, opening her eyes and throwing up her hands, with a sweet smile of gladness, called, "Oh, oh, mamma, mamma!" With that the end came. Was this all delusion? or, had the loving Savior sent to carry to that heavenly home her darling little one? Who can tell? Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?

W. W. M.

Statesville, N. C.

Fifth, but not by any means least, General Stonewall Jackson, the praying and fighting hero of the

South, one whose word no man can doubt, his last words were, "Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees." Who is he or she that can doubt the word of this great commander? Who will say that he did not see that lovely river, so flashing like molten silver, clear and beautiful, the glorious halo of that golden land of love, and the beautiful trees of rainbow shades and colors? Think you that such a man as he would lie? No, I feel assured and know by my own experience that ere his carnal body was laid down his living soul was under those trees across the river, surrounded by his dear ones, and he waits to greet his old vets, as they answer their last roll call here on earth, the same dear old general, only beautified and glorified he lives.

Another old veteran, Jesse J. Latham, of 1543 Fourth Street, Macon, Ga., age 72 years, passed over January 8, 1908; was ill for one week with pneumonia; saw his mother January 1, 1903, and continually during the week. Also saw his daughter Ruby that had passed over six years prior. In speaking to his wife, would say, "Oh, don't push against Ruby. She is there beside you," and would hold out his arms and say, "Mother, I am coming." Was perfectly conscious and sane regarding his earthly surroundings, and as he passed out addressed Mr. Chas. Mabry, his brother-in-law, "Oh, what a beautiful place. Is this our home, are we going to live here?"

Witnesses:

Mrs. Jesse Latham,
Mrs. S. S. Mabry,
Mr. Chas. Mabry.

Here we have three witnesses, all honest, conscientious members of the Presbyterian Church, establishing what this old veteran saw. First, he has a knowledge of, sees, hears and talks to those that he had loved and that had previously passed over—his own dear ones, his mother and daughter. Also like Stonewall Jackson, sees that land and his home in that land of love, and as he has lived a conscientious life here below his home is much more beautiful in that land of glory. He had no earthly reason to deceive, but just states what he say, heard and knew. I wish you to note that it was no passing glance of his mother or Ruby, his daughter, but for one whole week he saw, spoke to and associated with them. Also the point that on all earthly matters he was perfectly sane. Do you believe them and him? I hope you do.

Mr. John Smith, of Macon Ga., passed out April 1886; was conscious and rational of all his surroundings here. Talked for two days with his two children that had previously passed over home—John Smith, Jr., and Isabelle Smith, and would say, pointing where he saw them, "Don't you see them? "They are there. They say that they are waiting for me," and just as he passed out called out, "John and Isabelle, I am coming." Witness:

H. J. Richter.

In this evidence you also see that for two days he sees, knows, hears and talks to his own children. Don't you think you would know your own children,

especially when they were in your presence continually for two days? He was also perfectly conscious and rational regarding earthly things.

TUSCALOOSA, ALA., September 6, 1906.

Statement of Mrs. James O. Abbott, 1312 Nineteenth Ave., City: In 1863 I was at the side of the bed when Lieutenant Gay, of a Tennessee regiment, passed over to that land of our Lord. He was wounded in the knee at the battle of Athens, Ala. Just before passing out he saw his mother, who had passed over fourteen years prior, called her by name and tried to show her to us. Also said that the room was full of angels and tried to show them to us. He was twenty-eight years old, of sound mind, and seemed perfectly sane.

MRS. JAMES O. ABBOTT.

Here we have another veteran in the prime of life who sees his own loving, beautified mother, called by a mother's intense love and by commission of our Father and Master, attended by the angels of the Most High, comes to greet and welcome her soldier boy. Think you that he would state that his mother and the angels were there when he knew that in a few hours he would be in eternity? That is the time when all men speak the truth. Or do you think for no consideration whatever except that giving the evidence that had been granted to her to others, hoping that thereby some one might stop and think and be convinced of the truth, be saved and thank her in that land of love for doing her duty.

MERIDIAN, MISS., November 24, 1906.

In 1866, W. E. Sikes, of Brookville, Miss., previous to passing over to the eternal spheres saw his two boys and daughter that had passed over previously, and would say to me, "Don't you see them? They are there," calling them by their names, Willie, Johnny and Elizabeth. I was in the room continually most of the time, and was perfectly satisfied that he saw them. I was his wife at the time and mother of the children spoken of.

MRS. H. F. HARRISON.

Fifth St. and 45th Ave.

We have here the evidence of a mother and wife. She is a lady of excellent character, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, one of our real, old-fashioned mothers whose word you can always depend upon, and do you think for one moment that she would misrepresent any fact, especially regarding her dear ones who have gone on before, knowing that in a short time she will meet them glorified and beautified? Here we have a father talking to his wife, mother of the children that he sees close beside him. Think you he would deceive that darling wife? No, he is just stating the facts, and like all others that have loved our Father and Master he was granted this blessed privilege and they were permitted to come and welcome him to that eternal land of love.

ABERDEEN, MISS., August 27, 1906.

In June, 1884, Mrs. Heisen, of Aberdeen, Miss., just before passing out, saw and talked to Miss Lucy Jones, who had previously departed this life. Mrs.

Heiser had during her life in this vale been very kind to and dearly loved Miss Jones. Just before passing over she said, "Take my hand, Lucy, I am coming," and passed out with a smile on her face. She was perfectly rational, having just arranged her earthly affairs. Both were ladies of good Christian character.

Witness:

Mrs. Geo. W. Bradshaw.

Aberdeen, Miss.

Here we have two intimate friends, one from the other land, talking to and recognizing her friend still in the flesh. The other in the flesh sees her, hears and understands what her friend from the other world is talking about and perfectly willing to go with her, and in fact asks her to take her hand.

Selma, Ala., November 5, 1906.

On February 12, 1871, Miss Emma Fisher, before passing out said to her mother, "Mother, father is standing by you." Her father had passed over four years prior. "He has come for me. I am going with him. Don't you see him?" Then commenced to sing, "Jesus, the Water of Life Will Give to Those Who Love Him." About a month after a piece of music was given to me to play, "Sweet, By and By," and when I commenced playing it I could hear her, my daughter Emma, singing at my side. I had never heard it before, and she sang it beautifully.

Witness:

Mrs. Tarner Reese.

Broad St., Selma, Ala.

We have here a little girl ten years old, unacquainted with the facts of spirituality, just who sees her father and knows him, and is surprised that her

mother, his wife, cannot see him also. Also states that he has come for her. She hears him and understands him, is willing to go—he is just her own papa —and passed out singing a beautiful hymn. Oh, how much there is in this sentence, "I am going with him." What do you suppose caused this child to speak and even locate her father beside her mother unless she actually saw him? Then one month afterward her mother hears her singing at her side clearly and distinctly. All of these parties were, and their mother is, a member of the First Presbyterian Church, of Selma, Alabama, well known, truthful and honest. She also says, "This was my first husband and my daughter."

MERIDIAN, MISS., December 3, 1906.

On August 15, 1900, at Biloxi, Miss., Mary Adel departed this life. On the 14th, one day prior, her mother being beside her bed at the time, Mary raised her hand just as though she was holding something, and said, "Ma, Ma, here is brother John's hand. Don't you see it?" John was her brother that had passed over eighteen months prior and when passing out called out, raising her hands, "Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!" She was thirty-two years of age, a member of the Presbyterian Church, a conscientious and truthful Christian laborer. She had agreed with her mother that if she passed over before her mother and she saw anything she would tell her.

Witnesses:

HER MOTHER, MRS. ANNA WILLIAMS.
MISS EFFIE MERRITT.

Both of these ladies are of high character, well known, respected, truthful and members of the Presbyterian Church, 1708 Twenty-third Ave., Meridian, Miss. Here we have a young lady, highly educated, of pure moral character, who had lived a Christian life, loved by all and noted for her truthfulness. Her mother and she had agreed previously that whichever one passed out first would tell the other if she saw any of the dear ones gone on before to that land of love. This kind of agreement is quite common now, as the great question is, Do we live in the future, and how? If not, then enjoy this world. If we do, and are wise, we will prepare ourselves for the other eternal life. No doubt her brother John stood beside her holding her hand, and she feeling his hand and feeling it so distinctly thought her mother should certainly see what she saw and felt. You see she recognizes it as her brother John's, who only eighteen months prior had passed over. Don't you think she knew him and was trying to fulfill her agreement with her mother whom she loved, and knowing that she was passing over? Do you think for one moment that she would deceive her mother? You or I will speak only truth when we are about to cross the line. Then when passing out called, "Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful," holding up her hands. Who can say but what this lovely daughter of the Southland did not have a vision of even more beauty than General

Stonewall Jackson? Now as to the two witnesses, we have none nobler, more truthful in our Southland.

ROME, GA., July 12, 1906.

Mrs. Geo. S. Brown, of East Rome, Spring St., age eighty-four and three weeks, was an invalid three years. Adopted and raised a young lady, Miss Katy Kline, who was bending over her two days before Mrs. Brown passed over to our Master's kingdom. She was known for her high Christian character. She called out, loud and distinct, "Glory! Glory! Katy, I see your mother." Katy's mother had been a friend of here in youth and had passed over twenty-six years prior. She was perfectly rational.

Witnesses:

MISS KATY KLINE,
MRS. P. A. CATO,
MISS ELLA BROWN,
MISS ELLA CATO.

We have in this witness an aged lady of refinement, one who still loved the associates of her youth and had done an extreme kindness to the friend of her youth by adopting and raising her child. Please note she was perfectly rational, and this was two days before her departure. Sees this friend just as her adopted daughter bends over her, speaks out clearly and distinctly so that all these four witnesses hear her, "Glory! Glory! Katy, I see your mother." These four witnesses believe she did. So do I. Do you? All are ladies of excellent Christian character.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., July 25, 1905.

Mrs. Brown's statement: W. P. Tanner, her grandfather, passed over eight years before Katy

Brown was born. Katy Brown's sister, Lees Brown, had passed over one year prior. Katy was only about eighteen months old. Just before passing out, she, Katy, was talking with her father and mother and bade them good-bye. She seemed to see others in the room and was talking to them, when she called out, "Sister Lees, Grandpa, wait, Katy Brown is coming," and passed out with a smile upon her face. Occurred in 1891.

Witness:
Mrs. W. K. Brown.

This witness is a little child eighteen months old who has not had the time in this world to become acquainted with her surroundings, just in her simple way telling what she saw. You may wonder how she knew her grandfather. He had passed over eight years before she was born, also her sister, who had passed over when she was six months old. The knowledge and glory of the spirit birth, language can never fully express. She certainly saw them, talked with them, understood them and was anxious to go with them, as she called, "Sister Lees, Grandpa, wait, Katy Brown is coming," although she dearly loved her father and mother. This is a mother's statement, and oh, how sacred are our loved ones to us all.

Americus, Ga., March 25, 1905.

Mrs. A. J. Cleghorn states that her little son Jack, four years and two months of age, while passing over to that land of love, our Master's kingdom, being perfectly conscious at the time, called his brother, who had passed over ten years before, and said, "Wait

for me, little Brother, I am coming," waving his little hands. "I hear the bells ringing. Good-bye Mamma," and passed over. Witness:

Mrs. A. J. Cleghorn.

Here we have again a little boy, only four years and two months old, seeing and knowing his brother whom he had never seen on earth in the flesh. There is no doubt but what he had talked to his brother and his brother to him. He must have fully understood him. His words express this fact. Waving his little hands to him. "I hear the bells ringing." Young as he was he fully recognized that he was going with his brother and leaving his own mamma. Please also note that his mother states that he was perfectly conscious at the time. Do you think this darling little child was trying to deceive his mother? No, he saw, heard and knew, and related just the facts of the case. A little witness, but a grand one of the birth of the spirit. Gift of the Prince of Life, Jesus, to us creatures here below if we only love him.

Macon, Ga., April 4, 1906.

Statement of Marion Mays, Mount Mays, and Captain Mays: On the 26th of March, 1905, in Augusta, Ga., our sister, Miss Katie Mays, age twenty-three years, a young lady of high Christian attainments and noted for her truthfulness, being perfectly conscious at the time, previous to passing over to our eternal home, saw her sister who had gone to that land of love sixteen years prior, also her mother, who had gone to our happy home two years prior, said they were bidding her to come home with them, calling

loudly, "Don't you see them? They are waiting for me." In the room were three persons. All heard her clearly and distinctly and know she was fully conscious, dalm and happy.

Witnesses:
MARION MAYS,
MOUNT MAYS,
CAPTAIN MAYS.

This witness and the witnesses thereto were and are all persons of good standing in the Presbyterian Church, all of age and matured mind. Miss Katie Mays sees her sister and mother who had departed this life at different times, but still her own sister and loving mother. They talked to her. She sees them, hears them, knows them, and understands them. They were persuading her to go with them home, to that land of everlasting love. She wonders why those in the flesh don't see them as plainly as she does. Yes, they were waiting just as our dear ones will wait for us when we pass over and are reborn. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, but that which is born of the spirit is spirit. No more flesh, but spirit. Don't you believe her and them? I do.

STATEMENT OF MRS. JOHN TROUT.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., November 21, 1905.

I was very ill and was laid out five hours; was conscious of all my surroundings of an earthly nature. Also saw clearly and distinctly my mother who had departed from this earthly life ten years before. I knew her. She was just the same kind, loving mother,

only beautified and glorified. She talked to me, and I could hear her and understand her perfectly. She spoke to me so kindly and gave me great comfort and pleasure. I am in good health now and know it was my mother. My love for my children was the reason for my return to earthly life.

Witness:

Mrs. John Trout.

613 Pine St.

In this witness of the identity, individuality of the spirit we have one that is now living and well, can be seen and facts investigated. A lady of high Christian standing, perfectly honest in what she saw and heard. Saw her own mother. She could not be mistaken and has no reason in making this statement, only hoping that some doubter may be influenced and set thinking and investigating for themselves, be converted and meet her in that land of love. We have also here the evidence of a mother's love. She loved her children here on earth more than her mother and her own happiness.

Statement of Mrs. E. A. McBride.

Orlando, Fla., November 27, 1907.

In September, 1890, my husband, John McBride, passed over. About thirty minutes previous he seemed to be looking and acting as though he saw other persons in the room, not discernible to us. Miss Semple asked me if she could not ask him what he saw. He said in deep thought, hands folded as in prayer, "Yes, I see my mother, and my two children, also the little one that was drowned and the other, I cannot remem-

ber her name." The name was Emma. His mother and our four children had passed over some years previous. We all considered him perfectly sane at the time.

Witnesses:
Mrs. E. A. McBride,
Miss Mary Semple.

Here we have a husband and father just entering that land of love, bidding farewell to those here, and being welcomed and beholding those gone on before at the same time recognizing them each as individuals. A man of exceptional character, one known for his truthfulness and love for his family. Don't you believe he saw them? I do. Won't you? All were and are people of first-class standing.

Memphis, Tenn., May 13, 1907.

Susan McLean, age eighty-four, passed over at Memphis about five years ago. At 3 p.m., before passing over, she talked to her dear ones that had previously passed over. From 11 a.m., previous day: "I am so tired, having shaken hands with so many today. Oh, the angels are talking to me." She talked to her father, mother, sister and brother and husband and children. "I am glad to see you, Doctor," speaking of her husband.

Witness:
Mrs. J. K. Parther...
486 Walker St.

We have again an aged lady leaving this world who had lived close to Jesus, seeing her father, and mother, sisters and brothers, and also her husband and children, all previously passed over. Also the

angels. "I am so glad to see you, Doctor," calling her husband; was tired shaking hands with so many. There was a host came to meet and greet her and accompany her home and they were talking to her. Oh, joyous meeting, joyous greeting. Could you call this death? No, it is glorious birth, transition to a land of love with her dear ones.

STATEMENT OF M. M. MOSES.

VICKSBURG, MISS., March, 1907.

Mrs. Mary Moses, aged fifty-four years, of sound mind. Illness, cancer of the breast. My mother was leaning back in my arms about 9 A.M. Called to me, said she wanted to bid me good-bye, as she was going to leave this world, and as I was supporting her in my arms, she was instructing me about our family here on earth, what she wished me to say to each individual one, as they were all absent at the time, when she asked me if I could see that man in white clothing, that was waiting for her, pointing to where he stood, and asked me if I could see him; but I could see nothing. I was impressed that there was some one, although I could not see anything. She stated, "Time's up, good-bye," and passed out, and she insisted on me kissing her good-bye.

Witness:
MORRIS M. MOSES.

Here we have the statement of a Hebrew of high standing, whose affection to their parents is well known. His mother in passing over was no doubt in full possession of her mind and sees a man in white raiment not discernible to her son, although he feels his presence, and she is waiting to go with him, so he

must have been pleasant to look upon. What think you—was it an angel? Yes, I believe it was.

MOBILE, ALA., Claybourne Ave.

Katharine McConnell Gordon in 1870, in passing over, said she heard the angels singing. "Oh, how beautiful they sing." In 1894, Elder John Gilliard, Claybourne Ave., Mobile, Ala., said to his wife's sister, "How beautiful the day." It was a bright day, but he said "not the day here. I have glimpses of the New Jerusalem. I bid you all good-bye. My Savior has come for me."

Witnesses:
MRS. JOHN GILLIARD,
MRS. SUSAN PORTER.

This was the passing over of a servant of Jesus who had given his life to the cause of Christ his Master, therefore the great honor of our Lord coming for him. A man well known in the S. P. Church.

MACON, GA., August 10, 1908.

In New Mexico, May, 1894, Mr. E. McCall Davis, aged fifty years, disease consumption, saw his dear ones, especially his son, three weeks before passing over; saw his sister about two weeks. Would talk to them often. Would say in the moning, "Carro, my sister, has been with me all night." Saw his mother and spoke to her and of her about eight hours before passing over. Would say, "Is that you, Ma?" then recognize her. "Oh, how beautiful you are. Yes, I am all right, Ma."

Witnesses:
MRS. DAVIS E. MCCALL DAVIS,
ELIZABETH MCCALL DAVIS.

284 Orange St., Macon, Ga.

This is a man of mature age—and certainly saw what he claimed two and three weeks before passing over—recognized and knew them to be his own dear ones and tells his wife and daughter. Do you believe him and them? I do.

Mrs. L. McConnell, Atlanta, Ga., as she passed out said to her sister, Mrs. Turner, who was sitting by her bed, "I see Mr. Turner,"—who had previously passed over. The sister asked, "You do? How does he look?" She answered, "Just like himself, only his face is glorified." Also saw her mother. "You may think my mind is wandering, but it is not. I see them just as clearly as you sitting beside my bed."

Witnesses:
MRS. IDA TURNER,
MRS. HURTELL.

Here we have a young lady who sees her sister's husband and her mother, recognizes them fully and describes her brother-in-law, tells them that she can see them as clearly as she does those sitting by her in the flesh. Don't you think she saw them? I do. Won't you believe it, too?

SELMA, ALA., November 5, 1904.

Maria Louise Rosser passed out in February, 1904; spoke to Dr. Furnase and asked him if he believed that the spirit left the body and entered other spheres. He said no. She said that they did, as she had seen her loved ones that had passed over before, "and you will have to believe it before you go." In November, passing out, saw her husband and called him by name,

saying, "Now I am going to that happy land, and Tommy is here to go with me."

Witness:
MRS. TANNER REESE.

Here we have a lady of matured age passing over that saw her husband, recognized him and said that he is here to go with me. Who says they do not retain the same love and position relative to each other?

In September, 1871, Pilmer C. Archer, at Chesterfield Court House, Va., was studying for the ministry and was preaching fifteen miles from Richmond, Va., holding a revival, and in the midst of his sermon saw one of his sisters passing out. He was thirty miles from the place, had received no mail. She in passing out called "Brother Pilmer, can't you come before I go?" He stopped in the middle of his sermon and walked fifteen miles to Richmond where he received his mail, stating that his sister was very ill. This was the first organic news that he had. He said to the congregation, "I hear my sister Rosa calling me. I must go." At the same time he looked at his watch. It was 12:30 A.M. She passed over about the same time.

Witnesses:
WILLIAM ALLEN ARCHER,
P. W. ARCHER,
GEORGE ARCHER,
MRS. TANNER REESE.

Standing in the pulpit in the church during a revival, he sees his sister. Her desire was to see this brother. He must have seen her and heard her or he would not have so stated and walked fifteen miles to get his mail. That he did see her and heard her is proved by her passing out about the same time. All

of these witnesses were in the church at the time. Do you believe him and them? I do.

Moss Point, Miss., February 9, 1907.

In 1903, T. G. Ezell, of Pickensville, Pickens County, Ala., aged eighty-four, member of the Baptist Church, was passing over to our Master's kingdom; was rational; saw his wife and his brother, who had passed over fifty-four years prior, said, "Why, here is brother, that I have not seen in fifty-four years." Also recognized his wife who had passed over eight years prior. Said that he was in better company than with those in the flesh.

Witnesses:
J. P. Chapman,
T. P. Chapman,
W. C. Chapman.

Hansboro, Miss.

Here we have a man eighty-four years of age, a member of the Baptist Church, who sees his brother and is surprised to be greeted by him fifty-four years after his passing over. Also his wife, and tells the people around him in the flesh that he is in better company than they are. He was, and he knew it.

Jackson, Miss., December 16, 1906.

At San Antonio, Texas, May 23, 1891, Miss Mamie McGill, aged twenty-two, educated at Mary Baldwin Seminary, Statesboro, Va., always a truthful, pure, lovely lady and child. Illness, consumption. Was perfectly conscious. She wished to send a carriage for a lady friend who had made arrangements to come and see her just one day before passing out. She said, "Oh, the streets of New Jerusalem. How beautiful, and the flowers. Don't let them touch them. I will be

where they grow to-morrow." She took no opiate and was perfectly rational.

Witnesses:
Mrs. W. C. Jones,
Mrs. Warner.

Here we have a young lady, highly educated, noted for her truthfulness, that in passing over is granted a view of that glorious city and the beautiful flowers, one day prior to her passing over. Can we doubt it?

Statement of Mrs. H. T. Norment.

Orlando, Fla., November 29, 1907.

My boy baby passed over May 25, 1890. I was feeling very sad and worried regarding my child, wondering if I should know him. About three months after, I felt his presence, and looking up, saw him, just the same features in perfect health and beautified. He smiled to me, and I felt a satisfied feeling and happy and have been so ever since.

Witness:
Mrs. H. T. Norment.

Here we have a mother whose baby boy seven months old has passed over to that land. Three months afterwards she feels the presence of her little child, and looking up, sees him, clearly, distinctly, and knows him to be her own baby. He looks at his mother smiling, and she sees him so happy that a satisfaction has been given her to know that he lives, and is much more happy than he could be in this world. She is a witness, now living, of continued life.

STATEMENT OF MRS. W. D. HARRIS.

MEMPHIS, TENN., June 1, 1907.

Stanley Johnson Morris, aged seven months, passed over May 19, 1901. I dearly loved this child, being impressed that he was only lent to me (disease, cholera infantum), and when in intense pain I thought he was passing out. I cried out, "Oh, baby, ask God to bless mamma," and he gave a faint cry of recognition. I was very low with fever about two months afterwards, and I asked God to bless me and send me something to comfort me. He appeared to me in a dream. First, I saw the passing over of my boy, just as it occurred, then he returned to me. He was so beautiful. He came into my arms and I pressed him to my bosom, felt him clear and distinct. He looked up in my face so sweetly and intensely, and as he looked the expression of eyes that he had, and said clearly and distinctly, "God loves mamma." Then disappeared; but I felt distinctly the impression of his body on my arms after being fully awake; and during the fever he was near me and consoled me.

MRS. W. D. HARRIS.

Here we have a mother that sees her child who was only seven months old, on two occasions. Once, while in dream, and then when awake. The first it seems that she was under the impression that it was a dream. What think you?

STATEMENT OF MRS. MARY CUMMINGS.

464 RAYBORN AVE., MEMPHIS, TENN.

My son, Logan Cummings, 1874, aged thirty-seven years. On March 28, 1901, at St. Louis, Mo., seven weeks after his passing over, I was lying on a couch facing northeast in broad daylight, a beautiful, bright

day about twelve o'clock; saw my son come in through the east window, pass through the room; saw him clearly and know it was him. He had a very lustrous eye and medium stature. He recognized me, I am sure, and I saw him distinctly. This was after a season of prayer and asking the Master for comfort, and I was fully awake at the time.

MRS. MARY CUMMINGS.

Here we have a mother reclining on a couch in broad daylight, seeing her own son pass through the room, clearly and distinctly. She recognized him and knew him, and is comforted with the knowledge that he lives.

Mrs. Cummings also states that her husband, Mr. Homes Cummings, passed over the 25th of October, 1896. About two years after, saw him clearly and distinctly, standing at the foot of her bed as he used to do when she was sick and he in the flesh, about 4 A.M. When I saw him I was impressed by him that he was my guardian spirit and I was fully awake and saw him clearly as though he was in the flesh, only beautified. MRS. MARY M. CUMMINGS.

864 Rayborn Ave.

This mother who was granted the privilege of seeing her son in broad daylight and recognized him, is also granted the privilege of seeing her husband. She sees him also in broad daylight, recognizes him and is impressed that he still cares for her, loves her and protects her outgoings and incomings. Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to those that shall be heirs of salvation?

East Macon, Ga., April 25, 1906.

Miss Verling Everson Guerry, of East Macon, Ga., passed over April 1, 1906. Ten days prior, saw her mother who had passed over twenty years before. She came into the house from the yard, and her face looked very brilliant and seemed perfectly happy, and said to her sister, Juliet Guerry, that she had seen her mother, and her mother said, "My dear child, I will come for you in a few days," and she said to her mother, "What will Juliet do?" Her mother replied, "I will come for her in due time." She was in her rational mind and a lady of education and refinement; one noted for her truthfulness.

Witness:

Miss Juliet Guerry.

East Macon, Ga.

In this witness we have one that sees and hears her mother, who had previously passed over, ten days before her departure from this earth when she was in fair health with all her faculties. A lady of matured age, well known, well loved and honored, of a lovely Christian character, a member of the Presbyterian Church for years. Her mother had passed over twenty years prior. She sees her in broad daylight. The joy of seeing her gives her great pleasure, so that her very features are beautified. She is perfectly happy and willing to go to that land of light and love. Note the mother's word, so motherly, "My dear child, I will come for you in a few days." Now note the answer, like the apostle to our Master, "What will Juliet do?" Her mother answers, "I will come for her in due time." She passes over home ten days after-

wards. Who says our dear, loved re-born ones don't know about us on this earth and are not retained in their relative positions in that other? The mother from there sees and knows her daughter; twenty years' absence has made no difference, only intensified the pure mother love, and knows in a few days she is going to have her dear daughter with her, tells her so, and as she said, so it was. Will you, dear reader, be ready and joyous when your dear ones come for you? I hope and pray you may.

ARCHER, FLA., January 22, 1908.

Miss Mary J. N. Whitner, of Sanford, Fla. Her brother was in South Carolina, her husband and family were sitting and reading in the hall and could see her reclining on the bed about 2 P.M. She declares that she was fully awake at the time, and she saw her brother standing beside her and he said that he had passed over. She jumped up crying that her brother was dead and she had seen him, and would not be pacified. Telegrams arrived afterwards, stating that he had passed over about the time that she saw him.

ERNEST CALDWELL.

Jacksonville, Fla.

Here we have a sister who is in Florida, her brother in South Carolina. She knows nothing of his illness and when reclining in broad daylight, under the direct view of her family, her brother appears before her, she sees him, recognizes him, he recognizes her as his sister and tells her that he has passed over almost at that minute. Who says that they are

not seen by those in the flesh in broad daylight, and that they do not live?

STATEMENT OF MRS. A. K. MARSHALL.

BROOKVILLE, MISS., August 26, 1906.

On February 4, 1878, was resting by my husband (this was five days after my marriage to him), when his first wife, that had departed this life about two years prior, appeared to me, and pushed me from him. She was clothed in white and looked beautiful. I awoke my husband, who was asleep, and I told him and described her. He said the description was exact. He showed me her picture afterward and I am satisfied it was his first wife. I had not previously known her nor had I seen a picture of her. When she pushed me I positively felt her hands, and they were very cold. MRS. A. K. MARSHALL.

Here we have a young wife, full of earthly life and joy, not looking for nor expecting any spiritual experience, in perfect health, close beside the man she loved. She sees and feels a living soul, one that she has never known or seen, who pushes her away from her husband. She saw that the lady was not flesh and blood as we are, and her robes are white, and she is much more beautiful than earthly women. Although the living soul does not speak, still she knows who it is by her spiritual impression, awakes her husband and describes who and what she saw and felt. By her description he is assured it was his first wife, and shows her his first wife's picture. She recognizes in the photograph the same individuality that had

pushed her from her husband. Note. She also states that she felt her hands when she pushed her, and they were positively cold; so you see they still love us and claim the same relationship in the other sphere. In other words, our wives here will be our wives in eternity.

STATEMENT OF MR. JNO. A. LOWRY.

DALTON, GA., July 25, 1906.

On the 8th of May, 1906, my daughter, Miss Cornelia Lowry, aged twenty-two, was preparing to go as a missionary to China. A young lady of excellent Christian character, she joined the Presbyterian Church at the age of twelve years, was noted for her truthfulness and kindness and loving nature, was passing over and seemed to have passed out. There were no pulsations nor any evidences of life in the body that could be discerned. Revived in about one-fourth hour and said, "I have come back to bid you good-by. The old and the young are over there, the same as they are here. I heard them singing, and the angels singing. Oh, the sweetest singing I ever heard, and Anna is the sweetest singer of them all." Anna was her younger sister, who had passed over at the age of eighteen months, sixteen years prior. Then she said, "Oh, happy angels, why don't you come. They are coming now," and passed out.

Witnesses:

MR. JNO. A. LOWRY,
MRS. A. E. LOWRY,
E. P. FREEMAN,
MR. C. A. RICHARDSON.

In the statement of Mr. John A. Lowry, we have a lady of perfect attainments and character, a Christian

from childhood, educated for a missionary, whose living soul was absent from her body about fifteen minutes. During that time she was in our Master's kingdom, saw her dear ones, also the angels; recognized her own sister, and heard her singing more sweetly than the angels. What a glorious missionary trip! This was what our dear Father and Master and the holy angels educated her for. It was a quicker and far more reaching trip than she could have made, had she gone to China—a true witness for Jesus, a true missionary to all the world, especially to us Americans, as so many are losing sight of that land of love and the testimonies of their dear ones. It seems although her return was brief, yet when she beheld her dear ones on earth and earthly surroundings she also lost sight of the angel host that was with her; also that there was a prearrangement with the angels that they were to take her again to that land of love. Note, also, that she states that the old and the young are there, the same as here. That is, each one carries his or her individuality, features and form. Yea, even the age shows, but all are beautiful. Notice the expression, "I have come back to bid you good-by." She had just been there, and just came back to bid them good-by. Knowing that she was going to live in that land of love, her work on earth was finished, and now she enjoys the fruits of her labors, and will throughout all eternity.

Dear reader, if you fail to heed such witnesses as these, how woeful will be your state. Can you doubt her bidding good-by to her dear earthly friends, mother and father, and all? Then can you doubt the four witnesses who heard her clearly and distinctly?

Rev. E. H. Bonnett, D.D., Atlanta, Ga., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, when passing over, said to his wife, "Carrie, there are no valleys nor shadows; it is all sunshine."

This brother, like Moody, testifies there are no valleys. Like Moody, he had served the Lord for many years; like Moody and Stonewall Jackson, he sees that land of glory and bears witness to the partner of his life.

STATEMENT OF MRS. DR. H. E. LEOUGH.

507 WEST BAY ST., TAMPA, FLA., Nov. 6, 1907.

Mrs. Mary A. Blowers, aged seventy, residing at corner of Florida Ave. and Taylor St., passed over the 25th of October, 1902. Had high fevers and was wide awake. Saw her husband, Warren N. Blower, who had passed over seven years prior. He came to her bedside and said, "Mary, I have come to take you to heaven, to hear the heavenly music." She said that he took her hand and led her up a beautiful stairway. Before they reached the top she could hear the lovely music. Her husband also took her to a beautiful spring and they bathed in it.

Witness:

MRS. DR. H. E. LOUGH.

Here the husband comes from that land of love and takes his dear wife to that land. She hears the music, and bathes in the water of life. What do you think of it? Don't you think she knew him—was with him, as she describes? I do. I know it by my own experience.

Dwight L. Moody, before passing over, said: "I am going out of this old tenement, going up higher into a house that is immortal, into a body that death cannot touch, sin cannot taint, a body fashioned unto his glorious body. Earth is receding, heaven is approaching. God's holy angels are calling me. This is glorious! If this is death, there is no valley. I have been within the gates, and I have seen the children, Erene and Dwight." These were his two grandchildren that had passed over.

Here was a man nigh unto an apostle, one who was close to Jesus and worked for Jesus and salvation of spirits. He says, "There is no valley." He had been within the gates. He had seen his two beloved grandchildren. Of all his sermons, this is the grandest, as it should be, being his last. You believed him in other subjects? Oh, pray, believe him in this.

Statement of Prof. A. M. C. Brasch.

722 E. Church St., Jacksonville, Fla.

In the year 1901 I went to a Holiness church, at Chicago, heard a sermon which brought me under just a strong conviction, that I could hardly wait un-

til the end of the sermon. The sermon came to a close and I went forward and bowed before the altar and tried to pray; but as soon as I started I fell backward and was stiff. This was about 11.30, and in this state I was taken into the anteroom of the church, where I came to about 5.45; but before I came to I saw my body of clay on the sofa. Afterwards I saw that the room was black, black like velvet, and by and by I saw that in the upper side in the room came a little light, as large as a chicken eye, and it grew very fast until it soon became a bright light. In that condition I came to, and went into the preaching room shouting and happy, walking up and down the room over the chairs. Preacher and other members present followed, and oh, what a glorious time it was, and no one is able to-day to get me back into the world, no never. Praise the Lord for making me a witness for Him.

Here we have a professor, a learned German student, who sees his body, that is, carnal body, a separate part from his true self. Also a light, which we cannot explain, unless, as I have often seen when in a clairvoyant trance state, bright objects from the size of a ten-cent silver coin to as large as an electric bulb, of different shapes, moving in different directions by their own power, enclosed in a film, sometimes changing their colors, first, bright, like a diamond, then like an electric light, then yellow, green, blue, red and crimson, vibrating very rapidly within themselves. Of one thing I am satisfied, that they are spirits. July 5, 1909, one came within three feet of my face, and remained stationary for what seemed one minute, and I

could see a face—a human face—in it, clear and distinct. But the main point is that he recognized his carnal body as a separate body from his true self.

Statement of Mrs. Ella M. Brasch.

722 E. Church St., Jacksonville, Fla.

In the year 1903 I was attending a camp meeting, and seemingly I was enjoying myself spiritually, and felt that I was about as good as those of my brothers and sisters in the church, when one Sunday morning I was in the testimony meeting and I arose to give my experience. When I was nearly ready to sit down one of our brothers said to me: "Sister, there is something the matter with you. You must get right with God." I stood perfectly astonished for a moment, and then sat down; but those words kept ringing in my ears that I must get right with God. The first opportunity that I had I went straight to the altar, and began to pray. I soon realized that I had lost my second blessing, and with sorrow I cried to God for mercy. It was not long until I found peace; but while I still was lingering at the altar, it seemed like some one put their hand on my head and pulled me over, and I was stretched out on the floor of the tent from about half-past two in the evening. I was lost to this world until after eight o'clock in the evening. I was first in darkness traveling all alone. On and on I went, swift as I could go. I did not know where I was going, being in such dense darkness, and after I had traveled quite a distance, it being still dark on my left side, at a little distance I heard groans, cries and kind of screeching, distressing noise which none can make, only those who suffer, and was much alarmed; but I traveled on. Very soon after that I saw the light, and as I hurried along the way, it got lighter and lighter and some one came to me, accompanying me. I did not see nor recognize

my friend at all, who it might have been, but any way it kept getting into a most beautiful place and went through a beautiful arbor decked with gold and diamonds, and lovely colors of different kinds, and still on we went and the scenery more beautiful every step we took. I kept looking forward, and seeing things were so glorious we came where I could see the pearly towers of heaven all trimmed in gold, and I saw the beautiful gates ajar, and I thought they were open for me, but my friend said, "No, not now." He said I must go back to earth, that my work must be finished first, so all passed over, and I was again like myself, only so happy. Glory, glory to God.

MRS. ELLA M. BRASCH.

She no doubt experienced dissociation and saw just what she said she did. That light has been seen by many. She was granted a sight of one of those lovely gates, and traveled the great highway to glory.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Dissociation of Louis Stephens, a jeweler, on Main Street, near Bay, steward in the M. E. Church, South, Jacksonville, Fla.

In 1896, during an epidemic of typhoid fever in Jacksonville he was attacked with it and after being cared for and nursed at his home by family and doctors, and he seemed to be sinking gradually, the doctors concluded that if they had him in the St. Luke's Hospital, where all appliances would be convenient, and the best of nurses near, they might continue his life. So he was transferred to the hospital. Three days after being there he seemed to pass out, or, as the doctors decided, he was dead. He was laid out about 2 o'clock A.M., and removed to the room where they keep corpses. About 3 o'clock he revived, and told the doctors and nurses that he had been out to his father's place, his old home, about two hundred miles west of

Jacksonville, and when he came near there he saw a light in his brother John's room. He entered the room. His brother John was lying on a bed. The doctor and nephew, John's son, were giving his brother John some medicine, and the doctor said that this was his last hope. They had to pry his mouth open to get the medicine in. His second wife was in the room kneeling by the bed with her youngest child crying, "Oh, oh, what shall I do?" when there appeared on the right side of the bed his first wife, who had passed over twenty years prior; also on the left his daughter, who had passed over ten years prior; also an angel, beautiful to behold, and they were talking to his brother John about a beautiful and lovely land, our Master's kingdom, and persuading him to come out of his carnal body and go with them. He, Louis Stephens, stepped up to the angel and asked him if he could not go, too, to that land with them. The angel kindly informed him that he was to return to his body and be a living witness of the identity and individuality of the spirit. Just then the clock struck two-thirty. He heard the clock and noticed it was a new one, and a cuckoo came out and called the hour. At the same moment his brother John came out of his body and was clothed like the others from that land of beauty in a robe of pure white. They all gathered around him, and they drifted away to that land of glory. He then came back to his body. After telling the doctor this, the doctor said, "I am sorry for you, Stephen; your body has been here all the time. You have lost your mind. Now be quiet." The doctor then sent for his family, that is his wife and his son, John, and when they came he started to tell them of his experience, telling them he would get well, but his brother John had passed over at two-thirty. His son John told him that he knew his uncle was sick, but they had received a telegram that he was better last evening. They had not told him, Louis Stephens, for fear of the effect it would have on him; but the son

said, "Father, you have lost your mind. Now lie down and be calm and you may get well, yet." Just then a telegram was brought by a boy, addressed to his son. "Your uncle John died at two-thirty this morning."

Now, here we have another old veteran whose body was certainly what doctors call dead, and he must have certainly been absent from that body in the hospital to see what he saw and relate what occurred two hundred miles west of there. First, the sickness of his brother, that he knew nothing of; second, his seeing the doctor and his brother John, prying his brother John's mouth open, and the remarks of the doctor. He also sees his brother John's wife in the flesh and hears her mourning. He sees also the first wife, who had passed over twenty years prior, and his niece, who had passed over ten years, also an angel of the Most High, and recognizes him as such; listens to their conversation and understands it. He notices the exact time that his brother John passed out by the new clock and the peculiarities of the clock. All these things occurred, and were just as seen by him. How do you suppose he knew it if his living soul was not absent from his body, and at his old home two hundred miles west of where his carnal body lay, and understood perfectly as he claims to have done? There is no doubt but what he experienced dissociation. He also recognized himself as an individual identity from the others, sees those in the flesh

as well as the angel and his brother's first wife and his niece and his brother in the flesh, then in the spirit, as separate individuals, and recognizes their relative relations to each other. This is a grand witness of the spiritual birth of man and a continuance of life of fourteen years, and if he proves a true witness of Jesus will receive his reward in that land of love.

The Early Fathers.

Bede, born 673, passed over 735. In the monastery of Jarrow on the Tyne his ecclesiastical history is well known, also his commentaries, especially his translation of St. John, which he was finishing at the time of his passing over. "Go on rapidly," he said to his assistant. "I know not how long I shall hold out or how soon the Master will send his angels for me." Just as he had finished he looked up and exclaimed, "Oh, the brightness of their coming. How sweet their music," and his face beautified and glorified, passed over.

St. Anthony, in one of his sermons, says, "We walk in the midst of demons who give us evil thoughts and also in the midst of good angels who give us heavenly thoughts. When these latter are especially present there is no disturbance, no contention, no clamor, but something so calm and gentle that it fills our soul with gladness. The Lord is my witness that after many tears and fasting, I have been surrounded

by a band of good angels, and spirits, and joyfully joined in singing with them." (This is one of the early fathers. What think you of him?)

Tertullian tells us there is a sister among us who possesses a faculty of revelation. Commonly during a religious service she falls into a trance, holding communion with angels, beholding Jesus himself when the Scriptures are read or Psalms sung; spiritual beings minister to her. We were speaking of the soul once when our sister was in the spirit. She communicated to us what she had seen in her ecstasy. She declared that she had seen a soul in bodily shape that appeared to be a spirit neither entity nor formless, but so substantial that it might be touched. It was tender, shining, of the color of the air, but in everything resembled the human form.

Ignatius, native of Syria, pupil of Polycarp declares: "Some in the church most certainly have divine knowledge of things to come. Some have visions, often other prophecies, and heal the sick by laying on of hands and others speak in many tongues, bring to light the soul of men and angels and expounding the mysteries of God." I might quote Clement of Rome, Barnabas, Pappus, Justin, Appolonarius, Cyprian, Lactantius and other early fathers. Montanus of Phyrgia affirms that these powers are the inherited right of every true Christian, and quotes where there is no vision the people perish.

Emanuel Swedenborg, 1743: "I have, says he, "for these twenty years or more conversed daily with spirits and angels. They have human forms, the appearance of men and I have a thousand times seen, for I have spoken with them as man with other men, often with several together."

Dr. Adam Clarke, the great commentator, in commenting upon Saul and Samuel (see his Com., pp. 298 and 299): "I believe Samuel did actually appear to Saul, and he was sent to warn the infatuated king of the approach of his death, that he might have an opportunity to make his peace with his God. I believe there is a supernatural or spiritual world, in which human spirits, both good and bad, live in a state of consciousness. I believe that any of these spirits may according to the order of God, in the laws of their place of residence, have intercourse with this world and become visible to mortals." Don't you think he saw them? Some do.

Some of the Present Time.

Harriet Beecher Stowe: "One of the dearest and most operative cravings of the human heart, as it follows its beloved one beyond the veil, is to feel some assurance that they still love and care for us. They have overcome, have risen, are crowned, glorified, but still they remain to us our comforters and in every hour of darkness their voice speaks to us; sweet souls

around us watch us, press nearer to our side, into our thoughts, into our prayers, with gentle helping guide. We hold to the belief in the unbroken unity between those who have passed to a higher life than this. We hold to that living faith in things which was the strength of the primitive Christians. The first Christians believed what they said. We do not. The unseen spiritual world, its angels and archangels and saints and martyrs, its purity and its joy, were ever before them, and that is why they were such a mighty force in the world. St. Augustine says that it was the vision of the saints gone before that inspired them with courage and contempt of death, and it is true."

Rev. B. L. Austin, M.A., LL.D., Canada: "I have seen again and again these phenomena produced, their voices from the angel world caught their living words of instruction and impression fresh from angelic lips, seen their forms materializing and de-materializing like a cloud vanishing from sight and held them by the hand."

There is no death! an angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread.
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them dead.

—*E. Bulwer Lytton.*

There is no death. What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of life Elysian,
Whose portals we call death.

—*Longfellow.*

Abbott, on death: The Rev. Lyman Abbott, successor to Henry Ward Beecher, says, in a late sermon on the transfiguration: "Death and the resurrection are simultaneous. The separation between earth and heaven is a narrow partition and death is but the swinging of the doors, and the dead are living, more truly living than we, and living and often close at hand. So close that we are surrounded by them as by a cloud of witnesses. So close that the evil spirits breathe into our souls pestiferous imaginations and blasphemous thoughts. So close that we have need to arm ourselves to fight, not merely against flesh and blood, but also against the prince of the power of the air, against wicked spirits in high places. So close, too, that mothers still keep watch and ward over their children and the friend still serves by subtle influence as guide and inspiration of his friend. Oh, mother, lay down at last your weary burden and only too gladly lay it down, but that you cannot bear to be separated from the children whose strength is so small and whose need is so great. Who has ever told you that you are to be separated from them? They shall be separated seeming from you, but you shall not be separated from them. If you ask, "On what do I base this belief, how do I know that it is not a fancy?' I answer, partly on intuition, partly on reason, intimations and suggestion of Scripture, and partly on the all but universal belief of the world in

spirits and spirit communications. Excepting this conception of the spirit world as a world all about us, as a world in which we live, as a world in which we are separated only by our own dullness of sense and heaviness of vision, the story of the transfiguration ceases to be a strange incident, a breaking in upon the order of nature and the supernatural. It will seem rather strange that many, many of the followers of Christ haven't known a like experience of communion with the sainted and risen dead."

Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., Dr., S.C., LL.B., professor of physics, Binghampton University, England, says: "I believe in one infinite and eternal being, a guiding and loving Father, in whom all things consist. I believe that the divine nature is especially revealed to man through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lived and taught and suffered in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, and who has since been worshiped by the Christian church as the immortal Son of God, the Savior of the world. I believe that the Holy Spirit is ever ready to help us along the way toward goodness and truth, that prayer is a means of communion between men and God, and that it is our privilege through faithful service to enter into the life eternal, the communion of saints, and the peace of God."

Dr. J. M. Peebles, M.D., M.A., Ph.D.: "Personally I know that the dead are alive—know that friends departed live and manifest to us; still know by careful

observation and patient experience, in connection with reason and my best judgment, that the angels of God are about us and administer to us. It is knowledge that I can rejoice in saying with the apostle, "For we know that if the earthly hours of our tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." Possibly some narrow-minded person may solemnly say "I have never seen the spiritual manifestations." Quite likely. Millions have not seen the seas and lakes upon the planet Mars, nor the telescope that discovered them. Others have not seen Santiago, London or Calcutta. The more the pity. Ignorance, whether churchanic or agnostic, ought to be very modest. What individuals have not seen, does not enter into the moral quotation for determining truth. Premontations, hypnotism, telepathy, transvision, clairvoyance, psychometry, and other varied spirit phenomena are all about us, and to ignore them without the most candid, critical investigation is the shabbiest sort of self-stupefaction. Having witnessed levitation, a human being floating in the air at high noon, himself and myself in the room alone, I am quite prepared to believe that the spirit of the Lord caught Philip from the sight of the eunuch, leaving him in a far-off azotas. Having seen a medium's hand put by the entrancing spirit into the full blaze of a kerosene lamp and held there unburned, I am able all the more to

believe that Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego walked in the fiery furnace—the form of the fourth as a protecting shield in their midst. Having witnessed spirit writing in the air as well as upon walls by a vanishing spirit hand, all the more readily do I accept the recorded account of the fingers of a man's hand mysteriously writing upon the wall in Belshazzar's palace. Soundly said the most distinguished of the Beechers, "Modern spirit manifestations strengthen the faith, higher spirituality and higher Christianity as one love, is Christ's test of Christianity in Christ Jesus, who was the first born among many brethren." "We know," said the beloved John, "that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." "Pure love is the divine seal of Christian discipleship."

UNION IN THE SPIRIT.

Different nets of numerous twine
  Catch many fish of many kinds.
Different creeds of numerous lines,
  Win many men of different minds.

All saving creeds lay hold of men;
  More men are saved in heaven. What then?
All we that love the Lord will meet
  At home above, at Jesus' feet.

Who then is he who dares to say,
  All must be saved in our own way?
Seek ye the truth from God above,
  Cherish the faith that lives by love.

To love each other let us learn,
  To bear as we by Christ are borne;
To love our Father, all in all;
  And those whom we our brothers call.

Through Christ alone we reach our home
  By whatsoever road we come.
All praise to Christ's eternal love.
  Family circles all one above.

Captain J. F. Chase, St. Petersburg, Fla.: "On the battlefield of Gettysburg, with picket shots breaking the stillness of the night, I accepted Christ's invitation, and went a few rods in the rear of my cannon and knelt down by the side of a large rock and made my first prayer. I told the good God all my troubles and asked him to forgive my sins; and friends, Christ did just as he promised to do. He took the heavy burden from me. When I rose from my knees I was a very different boy than I was when I knelt down. I felt light as a bird; all the darkness and doubts had disappeared, and I was rejoicing in God's holy light. I felt that all was well with me, and I had no fear of the beyond. On the second day of July we had several severe battles on different parts of that bloody field. In the afternoon and early evening the Confederates charged on our batteries on East Seminary hill. The fire on our battery, the Fifth Maine, was very severe. The enemy knew that our battery was the only battery, on account of our position, that could enfilade their charging column, so they opened a fire on us

with two batteries from Berner's Hill, supposing that we would reply to their shots; but we took their fire and enfiladed their column as they charged up East Seminary Hill. About that time one of their snapper shells exploded about four feet from me, and I received forty-eight pieces of that shell. My good right arm was shattered and torn from my body, my left eye torn out, my shoulders and breasts were lacerated in forty-eight places, my lungs were pierced and several ribs broken.

Now, friend, you will hardly believe what I tell you as my experience the two days while I lay on the battlefield as dead. I am no believer in spiritualism, only the spirit or that part which never dies that God gives to each one of us as we are born into this world. As two of my comrades carried me back and laid my body by the side of the rock where I had knelt the night before, the body was dead; but that part that never dies, the spirit, was hovering over the body. I looked down at the body and I could see just how I was wounded, and see how my clothing was blown from my body just as plain as I see to-day. It seemed that my spirit was drawn upwards out of the sight of earth, and I thought if this is death it is ten thousand times better to die than to live. I was perfectly happy. I was taken to a very beautiful place where all was peace and joy. I do not think it was heaven, but the border land of heaven. It seemed that the good

God had not forgotten that soldier boy, but was giving him a glimpse of that eternal life that he had asked for. It seemed to me that while I was in the spirit land there was a spiritual substance to everything I came in contact with. There is no language to convey to you what I saw and enjoyed. I know now that I was not permitted to see nor to understand many things, as I was only a very welcome guest for a short time. While I was perfectly happy and contented where I was, there seemed to be a far more beautiful place where I could hear the most heavenly music; but between me and that there seemed to be a thin veil or mist that I could not see through. While I saw many of the inhabitants of the spirit land I did not see anyone that I knew in this world. At the same time we all seemed to know each other as one great family. My visit to that heavenly land was too short to suit me. My spirit came back to my body two days after I was wounded. I was picked up with the dead. As they took me out of the wagon to bury me in the trench with the dead, they found I had a spark of life. They gave me a drink of water. They said the first words I uttered were, "Did we win the battle?"

J. T. Chase.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Now here we have another veteran soldier who fell on the battlefield of Gettysburg, wounds caused by

bursting of a shell within four feet of him. He did not lose all knowledge, as it were, of his surroundings—but has a knowledge of seeing his body, clear and distinct, and just how and where he was wounded and the torn and soiled condition of his clothing. Notice, he himself, the true I, is floating above the body and looking down upon it. Also, please note that his body lay for two days on that battlefield where he was considered dead. He also states that if what he experienced was death, it was ten thousand times better than living; also that all things in that land had a spiritual substance. He was perfectly happy. He also saw many of the inhabitants of that land. This was a case of dissociation of the elements of the body. What think you of it? He is now living in fair health, a leading business man of the city, and can be, as well as many other of the witnesses, consulted with. He is also a leading member of the church—well loved, and a gentleman of high standing.

TO THE ANGELS.

Come angels! I would join thy throng:
  Just waft my living soul along:
I long to hear thy heavenly song
  And join its roundelay.

I'd see the city of my King,
  Its gates, its mansions, everything;
Those lovely robes of cream and gold
  That seraphs' queenly forms enfold.

I'd love to note the kingly mien
  Of those who see as they are seen,
And in green pastures softly tread,
  As by still waters I was lead.

And O such glory fills my soul;
Great waves of gladness o'er me roll,
As Jesus, Savior, toward me hies,
To wipe the moisture from my eyes!

Then guard me round, angelic host,
Protect from all the spirits lost,
No matter at what worldly cost,
Lead to eternal day.

A. PHINNEY.

Dr. Duncan McDougal, member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, has astonished the world—that is, he and his associates, Dr. John Sproule, house physician for the hospital, Dr. William Victor Grant, and Dr. Harry Emons, of Jamaica Plain—by the statement that he has succeeded in weighing the living soul of man. The subject is placed on elevated scales and he ascertains that the moment the spirit and soul leave the body the scales drop immediately from one ounce to one half an ounce, according to the subject. A number of tests have been made, proving the fact. He says that the spirit must be a space occupying body, also that the soul substance is so fine that it cannot be confined by any known material. He is of the opinion that it resembles the X-ray, which will pass through the most dense substances. Also the soul being substance that can be weighed, has gravity, and, being a bodily substance, can rise like a balloon. It is different from the body material. He is right as far as he goes. It is certainly a gaseous

substance, the full form of the person, and as the weight is only one ounce or one half ounce and still the same size of the man it is much lighter than air, and if he only knew it, the soul is lighter than the spirit. Without soul the spirit is held by gravitation in the earth according to its impurity, while if the spirit is fully or partly clothed upon with soul, it can float or drift to the highest spheres—in fact, visit all spheres in space, if fully clothed upon with soul.

Astral Excursions.

BY FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

It seems that at the present state of human evolution a considerable development on psychic capacities is taking place in Europe and America. Persons who never heard of spiritualism or occultism find themselves, to their own surprise, in possession of occult powers, and while the scientists quarrel about the theory which admits the existence of an astral body the number of people increases who are capable of leaving their physical forms and making excursions in the astral body or dream body of whose existence they never heard. Thus, for instance, a lady of my acquaintance writes me from Berlin as follows:

"The gentleman to whom I am engaged to be married has been an officer, but he has left the army. Shortly before that event, having retired at night, he found himself suddenly standing in the midst of

his room while his physical body was in his bed. The situation seemed rather strange to him, as he had never heard of such things.

"He walked about the room, looked at the different objects for the purpose of convincing himself that he was still in possession of his reason; he went to his desk and read in a book that was lying open upon it, but in spite of his efforts to turn a page he was unable to turn it. He then went to the window, looked out in the street, saw the lanterns and gaslights flickering; in short, he saw in this condition everything just as it appeared to him in his natural state. It then occurred to him that he was in his spiritual body and he wondered whether it would be possible for him to pass through a solid wall. He tried it and found himself in an adjoining room, where he saw one of his comrades sitting at a table and making a drawing. In vain he tried to call his attention. He touched him, spoke to him, breathed upon him; but his friend continued his work without taking notice of all this. My betrothed felt very sorry because he could not make his presence known, and returned to his rooms, where he saw his body still lying on the bed, immovable as before. He then went through the closed window out into the street and went to the railway station, where he saw the people and the shifting of trains. Finally he came to a tunnel, which he entered and saw some working men at their labor. He

had never been in that tunnel and did not know of its existence. Returning to his room, he saw his servant open the door and enter. The servant seemed to sniff the air and hurriedly went to the bed, shaking the body of his master, while the latter stood by the side of it looking at the procedure. The servant then tore open the window. The officer awoke owing to a sensation of cold, and asked the servant what was the matter. The servant replied that there was coal gas in the room and that it seemed to him that the Herr Lieutenant was dead. Upon being asked what caused him to return to the sleeping room at that hour, he said he had suddenly been overcome by a feeling that he ought to return, to look once more after the stove. It is clear that, if the servant had not returned, the officer would have died, and the spirit could not have returned into the body. The next day he went to the tunnel, where he found everything as he had seen it during the night, and he also convinced himself that his friend was in the adjoining room, was making the drawing, but with all this he still does not believe in a continuation of conscious individual existence after death."

To this I may be permitted to add a similar experience of my own which I had in Colombo, Ceylon, in 1884. I went with a friend to a dentist to have a tooth extracted. I took chloroform, and after getting under its influence I soon saw myself standing be-

side the dentist's chair, in which my body was lying. I appeared to myself just the same person as when in my normal state. I saw all the objects in the room, heard all that was spoken; but when I tried to lift one of the instruments on the little table next to the chair, I could not do so, as my fingers passed through it. Since then I have occasionally seen myself stepping out of my physical form, and this occurs in two ways, viz: if, while the separation takes place my consciousness is centered in the physical body, I see myself in the astral body standing before me at the side of the bed, and if my consciousness is the center of the astral body, I see my physical form lying in the bed. I have never made consciously any astral excursions to distant places, but such experiences may be sufficient to convince one that man has an astral body capable of existence independent of the physical form, and to those who have experienced such things the doubts of those who have experienced nothing may appear quite as unworthy of consideration, as would the arguments of one who had never seen railways and were in consequence to deny their existence.

Exploration by the World Invisible.

by camille flammarion.

It is absolutely certain that one soul can influence another soul at a distance and without the aid of the senses. Many dying people, I know, have been told

by telepathic communications, by aspirations subjective or objective, called by voices they distinctly heard, by songs, noises and movements and impressions of different kinds. We can have no doubt on this point; the soul can act at a distance. Mental suggestions seems equally certain; psychic communications between persons who are living is also proved by a large number of cases that have been observed and reported. There are psychic occurrences as well as aerial and electric currents. Telepathy is nothing new. It held a foremost place in ancient literature. The works of Homer, Euripides, Ovid, Virgil and Cicero often bring forth cases of manifestations from the dying and the dead. We may see without eyes, or hear without ears, not by the unnatural excitement of our sense of vision of the hearing, but by some interior sense, psychic and mental. The soul by its interior vision may see not only what is passing at a great distance, but it may also know in advance what is to happen in the future. The future exists potentially, determined by causes which bring to pass successive events. Positive observation proves the existence of a psychic world as real as the world known to our physical senses, and I shall never give up the exploration of this world, which I hope to carry to an end if the time indispensable to the work shall be allowed me. But, on one hand, it is proper and proven not to give one's self up exclusively to occult sub-

jects, for one might soon lose the independence of mind necessary to form an impartial judgment. It is better to look upon such studies as not one's main object in life, but as recreation of a superior order most curious and interesting. There are foods and drinks which it is most wholesome to take only in small quantities. On the other hand, our earth turns very quickly, and days pass away like dreams. I hope, nevertheless, to give myself the scientific pleasure of studying a portion of these mysteries, and perhaps what one man cannot do may be done by others. Everyone may bring his little stone to assist in the construction of the future pyramid. I ask my friends to lay up knowledge to work and hope. We live in the midst of an invisible world, in which forces are at work of which we know very little, and this agrees with what we know about the limitation of our physical senses and phenomena of nature.

Sir William Crooks, the distinguished English physicist, who invented the tube of the Roentgen Rays, claims to have touched, photographed and even kissed materialized bodies of spirits.

William T. Stead, founder and editor of the *Review of Reviews,* of London, an enthusiastic spiritualist, claims not only to have communication from the dead, but to have freely written down the thoughts of living men miles away.

The American Society of Psychical Research pub-

lished by Prof. William James the following account of the strange clairvoyance case of Mrs. Tytus, of Lebanon, N. H.:

On Monday, October 31, Miss Bertha Huse left her home in Endfield, N. H., at 6 A.M., before the rest of the family had risen. She took her way down the street toward the so-called Shaker Bridge. Her family, learning of her absence, instituted a search for her and during the greater part of the day one hundred and fifty men, more or less, hunted the woods and lakeshore in that vicinity. This search proved of no avail. Mr. Whitney, a mill owner of Endfield, sent to Boston for divers. A diver named Sullivan worked the better part of all Tuesday and up to Wednesday noon without success in the lake.

On Wednesday evening, November 2, Mrs. Titus, of Lebanon, N. H., a village about four and one-half miles from Endfield, while dozing after supper, aroused the attention of her husband, who was seated near her, by her noises and extremely horrified countenance. When he spoke to her she failed to answer him, and it was necessary for him to shake her before arousing her to consciousness. When she was conscious, the first thing she said was, "Why did you disturb me? In a moment I should have found that body." After this she told her husband, "If I behave very peculiarly to-night, or cry out, or seem greatly disturbed, do not on any account awaken me, but leave me to myself." At some time during the night Mr. Titus was aroused by the screams of his wife. He got up, lit the lamp and waited, obeying his wife's instructions. She, during the following interval, though not awake, spoke in substance as follows: She followed down the road down to the bridge, and on getting part way across it stepped out to that jutting beam, which was covered with frost. There she stood undecided whether to go into the water there or to

go up over the hill to the pond. While so standing she slipped on the log, fell backward and slid under the timber work of the bridge. You will find her lying, head in, and you will only be able to see one of her rubbers projecting from the timber work.

Early in the morning, at her earnest solicitation, her husband went with a Mr. Ayer, an employee of Amalca Flannel Company, at Lebanon, and asked him for leave to absent himself from the mill that morning, in order to go with his wife to the Shaker Bridge, at Endfield. He then told Mr. Ayer the story substantially as above. Mr. Titus also told the story to Mr. W. R. Sunderland, as well as to certain other persons, all in Lebanon, before he went with his wife to Endfield, where he told other parties of the occurrence, and asked Mr. Whitney, who had been foremost in the search, to accompany himself and wife to the spot his wife was desirous of investigating. When they reached the bridge Mrs. Titus pointed out a certain spot where she said they would find the body in the position as above mentioned. Mr. Whitney, who was then one of quite a number at the spot, sent a messenger to get the diver who had been working in the neighborhood of that place on previous days. On his arrival, Mrs. Titus pointed out to him the spot where she said the body lay. He said, "I searched there yesterday and found nothing." She said, "Yes, you searched there, and there," pointing to a certain spot, "but you did not search there, and if you will go down you will find only the rubber of her shoe projecting from the timber work." To satisfy her, he put on his diving suit and went down at the point indicated. After a moment or two the bonnet of the deceased rose to the surface and shortly after the diver came up, bringing the body. The diver then said, "I did not look in this place yesterday, as the brush and debris were so thick there that I could not see. In fact, all I could feel of the body was the rubber projecting from the timber work."

Mrs. Titus' grandmother is said to have had a similar power in her day, but Mrs. Titus is not known to have made any pretense of being a clairvoyant, having never used her trances for any pecuniary reward or for the sake of any notoriety. On the day following, viz., November 4, Mrs. Titus was ill. The diver, Michael J. Sullivan, who found the body from Mrs. Titus' instructions, made a signed statement to the Society of Psychical Research, which is in part as follows:

"Mrs. Titus walked along the bridge and came to the spot and said, 'This looks very much like the place I saw in my trance last night.' At last she said she was sure that that was the place. I took a guide line, with a sinker, and threw the sinker as near the spot as I could. I then placed the ladder and put on my suit and went down. Mrs. Titus had told me the body was lying head down, only one foot with a new rubber showing, and lying in a deep hole. I started down the ladder, which extended about five feet under the water. When I swung off of the ladder, I went sideways and then turned. As I struck the cribwork, ten feet below the ladder, I turned to face the ladder, and my hand struck something. I felt it and it felt like a foot. I stopped short where I was. It is my business to recover bodies in the water, and I am not afraid of them; but in this instance I was afraid of the woman on the bridge. I thought to myself, how can any woman come from ten miles away and tell me or any other man where I could find this body! I investigated and felt her foot, and made sure it was a body. She was lying in a deep hole, head down. It was so dark that I could not see anything. I had to feel entirely. I pulled her out, carried her up till I could get the light from above, and then arranged her clothing by laying her out on the crib of the bridge. When I had laid her out on the crib, I reached for my guide line, but found I could not pull it up. I had to take out my knife and cut it as far

up as I could reach, and then I tied the line under her arms. The line was simply a clothes line, six thread. I then came up and asked for Mr. Whitney. I said, 'She is down there.' Mr. Whitney said, 'I know it.' I thought Mr. Whitney had been convinced pretty strong. He said it turned out that when I pulled her out of the hole her hat came off and rose to the surface, and Martin, who worked the pump for me, came near getting into trouble by being pushed off the bridge when the hat appeared on the surface, because the people rushed to the side of the bridge. Fortunately he was not pushed off. We had a man there in a little skiff who pulled her up. Mr. Whitney asked me what I thought of it. I told him I did not think, I was stunned. There are two statements that Mrs. Titus made that are absolutely correct. She located the place where I was to go down, also told me that the body was lying head in, in a deep hole, with one foot sticking up with a new rubber. I was down in about eighteen feet of water. It was so dark nobody could see down there. She must have seen the body as it was lying, because she described the position and she had already pointed out the place I was to go down, and nobody could have known who could not have seen the body, as it was lying on the bottom. If you ask me how she knew it, I don't know; but if you will ask me if I believe in it, why, I have been convinced against my will. If my best friend should have told me, I should have thought he had seen a ghost, but if ever I have a similar case and can't find the body, I shall introduce the parties to Mrs. Titus and she will find it."

The following paragraphs are taken from an account by Dr. Kennedy, which was signed as true by Mrs. Titus:

"She, Mrs. Titus, walked down the bridge and came back saying, 'George, she is down there.' She explained that she could see the rubber just as plainly as while in her trance the night before. Mr. Titus

said she located the spot in the night, and that he could and did recognize it from her description. After the diver came up with the body he said he was not afraid of the woman in the water, but of the one on the bridge. Mrs. Titus fights against these trances, as she is usually ill for some time after."

This is a case of dissociation as well as clairvoyance.

A Spirit Guide Runs an Engine.

No danger lurks in the path of No. 15. Two drivers perch on the same bench in the locomotive's cab and guide its destiny. One is Horace J. Seaver, veteran engineer and hero of many hairbreadth escapes. The other is the spirit of a man that was. Unseen, unheard, the spectre has been at the throttle for years guiding and guarding the lives of those sleeping in the darkened coaches behind. No. 15 is the Big Four fast express which runs into Chicago over the Illinois Central tracks from Kankakee. The train is pulled by an Illinois Central locomotive, of which Mr. Seaver is the engineer. For forty-three years the veteran has been handling the throttle of the Illinois Central. For forty-three years Mr. Seaver has been a spiritualist; not one of the table-raising, bell-ringing kind, but an intelligent believer that spirit bodies exist. He says that he has had innumerable evidences that a spirit hand guides his engine through fearful dangers and many escapes. Whenever he climbs up in his cab he knows that the spectral engi-

neer is sitting beside him ready to extend the hand of warning in the time of need. Mr. Seaver was in the cab gazing far out along the track, one dark night, wondering how many more trips he would make before his good spirit deserted him. In the train were more than one thousand old soldiers going to the reunion at Campaign, Ill. The throttle was out to the last notch and the speed was more than sixty miles an hour. Suddenly the engineer heard a soft voice whispering in his ear:

"The bridge is burned; the bridge is burned."

As quick as possible Mr. Seaver set the airbrake and stopped the train. In the coach one thousand old soldiers were sleeping. The conductor hurried forward to the engine.

"What do you mean by stopping this train out here?" he demanded, angrily.

"You had better go along the track and find out," said the engineer, quietly.

Only a few feet ahead of the engine was the river, and over the river hung the charred remains of the big bridge, which had burned only a short time before. The one thousand veterans were saved. This happened in 1890, and Mr. Seaver was hailed as a hero over all the country. "But it wasn't me that did it," said the engineer, modestly. "It was something unseen. Something we do not know anything about. I did not deserve any credit at all. I just

heeded the warning that was given me. There are numerous other instances where the same voice has given me warning just in time to save the lives of my passengers."—*Chicago Journal.*

SOME OF THE SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF AUTHOR

Given to Qualify Him to Write This Book.

The spirit upon me. On Sunday evening, August 20, 1899, while I was speaking in a Christian Endeavor meeting, in the First Baptist Church, in Jacksonville, Florida, I was dazed with the power of the spirit upon me and within me, and breaking away from the subject on which I was speaking, I cried out, "Woe! Woe! unto thee, daughters of Jacksonville! Weep not for those that have gone on before, but rather weep for thyselves. Thou, as a city, hast been weighed and found wanting. Thou hast crushed thy brothers and sisters within thy bounds; yea, throughout the state hast thy crushing and example of life been felt. The great sins of this city are committed by those who know better, and can, if they would, do good. Not among those who by their environments are incased in sin, but to those who could do good and will not, am I grieved most with, saith Jehovah. Thou shalt be destroyed. The edict hath gone forth and cannot be rescinded. Woe! woe! unto thee, for thou art as it were already destroyed;

but thou mayest pray that it will not come in the nighttime, as the loss of life may be less."

I did not stay in the church for service, I was so dazed and sorrowful, but happy. I walked down to the Presbyterian church, and sat in the congregation. The next morning, meeting some of my friends, they wanted to know if I had stated that the city was to be destroyed. I answered that I had, as the spirit was upon me, but by twelve A.M. I had packed my grips and left the city, and did not return until after the fire that occurred about six months after. I thought the spirit told them of it, and it was destroyed, and I have no doubt but some of them understood and prayed, as the fire started in the morning.

VISION.

On November 8, 1899, I was between Lake Butler and Lawtey, about sixty miles southwest of Jacksonville, and near the Connor Bridge, west of Lawtey. I felt as though I would prefer to spend the night with our heavenly Father and Master, which I have often done, and especially since my visit to that land of light and glory, always carrying a small tent, two meals for myself and two feeds for my horse, while traveling. It was just about dark when I drove into the woods, tied my mare, fed her and pitched my tent. All went as usual, and I was lying with my head bolstered up higher than I usually do,

wide awake. About one o'clock I suddenly looked out through the tent, which was heavy duck with oil cover, and through heavy timber, just as if there were no tent or timber there. I could see at least one-third of the heavens. In the center and directly in front of me, high up in the sky, was a large star, beautiful ethereal colors, about two-thirds as large as the full moon, and small stars all around all over the heavens, and on the surface of the earth were small palms. From the ground stretching up on each side of this grand star, the tops arching beautifully away from it and extending much higher, were twelve leaves of the phœnix dactylifera (commonly known as Assyrian date palm), six on each side, butts in the ground, with the small stars shining through between the leaves. I looked upon this beautiful vision for some time, when I commenced counting the palms' leaves from left to right, and just as I had finished counting twelve, I heard angels passing through the air, high up in front and to the right, shouting, "He with the twelve apostles cometh soon." At this moment the mare broke her rope and ran away through the woods. I could hear her running, but was so fascinated with the beautiful vision that I let her go. At the same moment I was impressed or heard a voice, I think it was my guardian angel, said, "There will be no freeze south of this point that will kill one of these palms for twelve years." They are about as

tender as a two-year-old orange tree. There has been no general freeze since, neither can earth and hell make one during this twelve years. Irl Hicks prophesied that there would be three during the winter 1900-01, and the United States Weather Bureau has sent out telegraph notices ten times that it would be twenty degrees above zero at Jacksonville and twenty-five degrees at Tampa, but it has not come, in a way that would kill a two-year-old tree in good health.

APPEARING TO OTHERS IN THE LIVING SOUL.

About one o'clock in the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day, 1899, I drove into the town of Dunnellon, Fla., left my horse and buggy at the livery barn and started to the hotel, and as I was passing down the street, just in front of his store, I saw Mr. C. W. Rush, who was and is one of the leading merchants of that place. I am personally acquainted with his father, Rev. C. W. Rush, of Judson, Fla., and his mother, and both are good Christians. As I was passing Charlie I felt the spirit prompt me, and turning, extended my hand to him, and as we clasped hands, said in a friendly way, "How is it, Charlie, your father and mother are such good workers for Christ, and you are doing nothing for Him in this town, so spiritually dead?" He laughed at me, and I passed on. I saw him again in the evening, standing on the porch of the hotel, as I was going in, but did not

speak to him. The first I knew I was standing by Charlie's bed. He said afterward it was about two o'clock in the morning. I was clothed in a white raiment, white with a tinge of gold, the same as I had on in that land of glory, though no spots on it, my arms folded across my breast, and was talking to him. He was partially raised up in bed, looking very scared. I became more earnest in my conversation and was holding out my right hand towards him, with two fingers pointing at him, and coming nearer. He raised up in the bed and struck at me. I then turned and walked through a solid wall. Upon entering my body or earthly shell, I woke up immediately, and my first thoughts were, what a natural dream that was; how natural Charlie looked, and how scared; but my walking through a wall, how ridiculous. (This was before I had read or studied any scientific works.) I went to sleep again and upon waking up in the morning about seven o'clock, the first thing I thought of was, What a peculiar dream, and how natural Charlie looked,—how real and scared. But when I thought of going through the wall, laughed; still, felt fuller of the spirit, and happy. After breakfast I called on a number of persons on business, and about ten o'clock entered Charlie's store. He was waiting on a customer about the middle of the room, and when he saw me he started towards the rear and behind the counter. I followed him to speak to him,

when he threw up his hands and said, "Don't you come near me." I advanced towards him, when he cried out more intensely, "Don't you come near me," and seemed to be in perfect terror, when his brother touched me on the shoulder and said:

"Don't pay any attention to him, Uncle Mac; he seems to be out of his head this morning."

I turned and went out of the store, never thinking of what I then considered to be a dream. After finishing up my business in Dunnellon, and when about two miles out of town, the Holy Spirit spoke to me so plainly, and said, "Thou preached to C. W. Rush in the spirit this morning." I felt a thrill of joy and glory pass through me, and I knew it was true. About seventy days afterwards, I was in Dunnellon again, and as I entered Mr. Rush's store he came towards me, with both hands extended, and catching hold of my hands, said, "You don't have to preach to me in the spirit again, Uncle Mac; I am converted. Don't you see it?" His face was changed and radiant, his eyes filled with love, and tears of joy running down his cheeks, and the joy and glory that passed through me, and filled me. He is now a great worker for the Master. I love him as a son, and he loves me; but the best of all, we both adore Jesus.

DUNNELLON, FLA., January 29, 1903.

Donald W. McDonald, South Jacksonville, Fla.

Dear Sir and Brother: Yours with proof to hand,

and read with great pleasure. I see nothing that I could add to it that would make any improvement on it, as I think it is complete with my approval, which I do with pleasure.

With best wishes, I remain, as ever, your friend,

CHARLES W. RUSH.

FIRST SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE—DISSOCIATION.

On August 25, 1869, in New York City, shortly after the passing over of my first wife to that land of glory, I was taken very sick. The doctors gave me up. I lost knowledge of my surroundings here on earth. I went out through space (that is, my living soul), came to a beautiful river about two hundred feet wide, oh, so pure and clear! The opposite bank was one body of golden effulgency, just glorious in appearance. I started to walk into the river to cross it, when I heard a voice—how well I knew it—and looking up, I saw my wife on the opposite bank. She was clothed in white raiment, the only color being just a tinge of gold. I started toward her, when she raised her right hand, palm toward me, her face and form very radiant and beautiful, eyes filled with love, and said to me, with a voice clear and distinct, "Not yet, not yet; go back. You have duties to perform." It was my wife, I know, and when I became conscious of my surroundings in this world I told those around me that I would get well, and that I had seen Lizzie, my wife.

Dissociation Visit to Land of Darkness and Land of Light.

On August 25, 1899, I felt the tingling in my hands and feet and arms and limbs, like when they go to sleep, also numbness and dizziness, and I was soon cold, numb and still. This was about seven o'clock in the evening. I passed out through space (that is, my living soul) and entered a land that was dark, about as dark as a quarter moon slightly clouded. It was a peculiar darkness and became darker as I advanced into the country. This light, if light you could call it, only extended upwards about two hundred feet. Above that were black, rolling clouds, like a cyclone or tornado, though it was still where I was. The country was a perfect desert of barren rocks of brownish color, mountainous and broken, narrow defiles with narrow walls twelve to hundreds of feet in height, and occasionally small barren valleys where spirits wandered by twos and groups of ten and twenty, every man's hand being against every other man, with faces and features like convicts under the lash, clad in raiment of dark grayish color. So dreary, not even a blade of grass; roads that looked broad, but when in them were nothing but paths running irregularly; wretched hovels about eight or ten feet high; they had no windows and quite a number had pickets, set close around them and extending two feet

above the eaves. Doors all bolted and barred. The material of which these hovels were built was like adamant, of a dark grayish color. I was seized with fear and terror and ran around trying to hide myself. How I suffered! Finally I came to a hovel, the door of which was open. It was about nine feet high, and when I entered I found it had three rooms, the first about twelve by sixteen feet, nothing in it, and it looked as though it had just been vacated; the second room to the right was about eight by ten, and had a bench in it; the third room had nothing in it—and all looked very desolate, dreary and filthy. As I started from the door of the third room, intending to leave the hovel, having found no place to hide, a creature came in at the only opening, preventing my escape. It had the form of a man, but how hideous. The face was bloated and demoniac, eyes piercing and fierce, and was clothed in a dirty, dark grayish garment, and armed with a weapon like a javelin, about six feet long. He started towards me in the first and second position of charge bayonet. I just stood trembling with fear and terror, when some being unseen by me placed in my left hand a weapon, and as I grasped it a sudden change of feeling came over me. Coolly and calmly, the fear having left me, I awaited his assault. I parried his thrust, and then thrust in quarte. A perfect sword of fire shot out of the weapon in my hand, just like a beautiful Da-

mascus blade, only straight. It pierced his left side and he fell. (I am a perfect left- and right-hand swordsman, having served in the cavalry in our Civil War, and made it a special study and practice.) Being somewhat curious, I stepped over the creature and examined him. He was about five feet nine inches tall, very broad shouldered and muscular, of a dirty, grayish color, very loathsome and slimy.

I went out of the hovel and ran, then drifted, without any motion on my part except to incline a little in the direction I was going, very rapidly, with a sensation similar to falling, but no unpleasantness about it. I really enjoyed it, like swinging under the old oak when a boy. Instead of traveling in a straight line, I seemed to be going in a half circle until I came to a straight road, and it was very straight. This road was like a pike in Old Virginia or Kentucky, only of beautiful prismatic rays, like when you look at an arc light about three hundred feet away, closing your eyes and then opening them just enough to catch the line of rays between the arc and your eyes—only the light and the colors were much more beautiful. The road that I came from into the straight road is a left-hand fork from the straight road, and it looked like a shady road to a cloudy valley, a pleasant place to rest in.

I turned and looked up this beautiful, straight highway, and saw in the distance a light; it looked like

an arc light, only larger and ethereal in a field of glory. I started towards it immediately, drifting the same as before. As I approached it, it increased in size and splendor, and at about one-half distance it looked like the sun rising in a fog, only a thousand times more beautiful. The surrounding country was like the suburbs to a large city, with trees, verdure and buildings. These were similar to, but more magnificent than, any on earth.

When about one-eighth of a mile from the light, it was a grand arch, with more beautiful colors than the rainbow—that is, the frame or outer edge; the center field was one grand, golden effulgency, like ethereal light through a pearl. The arch was at least five hundred feet high. I turned to the right at this point and entered a doorway, then immediately to the left and ascended a narrow stairway. After ascending an immense height, when my head and shoulders were above the top of the stairs, I beheld an anteroom about thirty feet square. Three beautiful creatures approached me, coming from the direction of a door on my right, and in front, that was ajar. There was a beautiful golden light in this apartment, soft and mellow. These lovely beings approached me, one in advance, the other two just behind him, with their arms around each other, their hands clasped and looking lovingly and affectionately at me. At first I thought they were ladies, their faces

were so beautiful, so perfect and radiant, raiment of white, that folded like silk or satin, yet more like crêpe or lace; their large eyes so full of pure love and glory, forms so perfect, radiant and kingly. I stood in amazement, but filled with a peace and love that I had never known before. The one in advance, who was larger than the other two, extended his hands, palms downward, towards me. I, like a child, reached up and caught them, and a glory passed through me that will never leave me until I come through grace to those portals again. He raised me up on the floor they were standing on, and I felt perfectly at home, filled with joy and glory. They talked to me and I to them; they were so very kind and gentle and loving, but I do not remember what was said. I looked at myself and found that I was clothed in a beautiful white raiment, with a tinge of gold. On my left is a door closed and barred. On my right a door ajar. I saw some souls and angels in there, and they seemed very happy. There was an arch in front of me about twelve feet high, four feet wide, with a golden damask curtain hanging over it. We passed through the arch, and, glory upon glory; the magnificent view that I beheld. We walked to the corner of the balcony. I could see the straight road I came on to this glory land, and after continuing through the arch or gate it became a street or avenue fully four hundred feet wide, and went straight on as far as I could see, and

I was able to see much farther than I could with any telescope on earth. The country laid almost level, with a gentle rise in the distance, where it was still more glorious.

On the left of this street is a grand park, with beautiful trees of perfect form and different colors and beautiful verdure. I saw a depression of the surface angling across this park and thought it was a river, by reason of three golden bridges of about four hundred feet span, one arch, no columns or supports. Not high, just enough above the level to be beautiful. I also saw an immense procession moving across this straight street, four blocks of mansions up, and crossing the first golden bridge. And reaching away up there where it was still more glorious and beautiful. On the right side of this straight street were mansions; I could not see the roofs, just columns and balconies on front and sides to right and front.

The angel took my hand in his left hand and we stepped off of the balcony, descended gently and easily to the left side of the street close to the park. Oh, how magnificent, grand and beautiful it was! Trees, every leaf on them so even and perfect, not one dead twig or leaf, colors so beautiful. There were small trees and shrubbery of perfect shape, with verdure; if grass, it was so lovely, like plush of the brightest green, with delicate little flowers amongst it, and large flowers, shady walks and all purity and beauty, not

even a soiled blade of grass. Spirits of just ones made perfect and angels were moving here and there, with such looks of love and welcome to each other, even to me, a stranger—so kingly and queenly in their movements, all joy, all purity, all happiness, all love. I noticed nothing but the beauties of this park and its lovely occupants, they were so fascinating to me, until we were crossing the third street up this straight street, when my attention was called to the procession. We approached to within twenty feet of it. The horses were grand in form and perfect in grace and motion, with golden lace over a portion of the necks and shoulders, reaching back and attaching to the chariots, some of which have two wheels, and some have four wheels, with five spokes to each wheel, some golden and some other colors, and spokes were larger at the fellow than at the hub. There were also spirits of just ones made perfect, men and women, walking on each side of the chariots, eight and twelve abreast, playing on different kinds of instruments and singing a glorious song—such beautiful music. I tried to understand it. They were all clothed in raiment, white, or white with a golden tinge; and there were some angels amongst them.

It is so difficult to tell an angel from a living soul, especially when the spirit made perfect is clothed with those beautiful white raiments and their faces are turned away from you. Up there the living soul has

the same dear features it had on earth, only glorified and radiant, also that heavenly love pouring from their eyes; while the angel's face is chiseled so perfect, so beautiful, radiant, with eyes so large and powerful, full to overflowing with such divine love. Their movements were so grand, not fast nor slow, just perfect, kingly, queenly, graceful and elegant.

My attention was now called to a four-wheeled chariot drawn by a span of beautiful bay horses. The frame was something like a large platter or shell of a lovely golden color, with seats all around inside, and filled with little children, also three living souls or angels, one in front, the other two sitting in the rear. When they were nearly opposite me, two little boys turned around. They were sitting on the side nearest to me, waving their little hands and calling. Evidently they knew me. They were my two boys. I had buried their carnal bodies in Kansas twenty years before. I could not hear what they said, by reason of the immense volume of music. Their faces were plump, joyous and radiant, and eyes so filled with love and glory. I would not bring them back if I could.

We now turned round and went back to the third street, crossing the straight street, and went down the right side of this third street, from the arch or gate. When we turned around my attention was called to the mansions. They were very high, col-

umn and balcony, column and balcony, alternately, one above the other, about four hundred feet front, each one of them pure, precious stone, smooth and polished, white columns and white steps, each mansion its own individual color. Looking along the fronts the colors blend more beautiful than a rainbow, and each one is of a different style, I should say inclined towards Jewish architecture.

After passing down the right side of the third street about five blocks or mansions, my attention was called to a mansion of a reddish color with a purple tinge. The entrance was about fifteen feet high and ten feet broad, white columns on each side of the entrance, with a half circle of white marble over the top, and pure, beautiful, white steps extended out to the street, five or six in number. When about forty feet from the steps I saw a woman dressed in dark, just as I had often seen her here on earth, in the act of going up into the mansion. She halted with her right foot on the second step, and her left foot on the third. When within twenty feet of her I called. She turned around and ran towards me with her arms extended, shouting loud and clear, "Home at last!" I met her with outstretched arms, took her in my arms and pressed her to my bosom. Her raiment was fine and beautiful, her form perfect, and I could feel her just as well as when on earth. I kissed her and she kissed me. Oh, the reality and purity of life in that land of

love, ever blessed land! It was my wife that had passed over from this earth over thirty years before in New York City. Just as young, but more lovely and radiant, her eyes so filled with love and joy. We stood with our arms around each other and talked on different things. At last I said that I would like to settle up my Virginia estate. Instantly she stepped back, with eyes so filled with heavenly love and satisfaction, but as her glance passed down towards my knees, I saw sadness in her face. I looked down and saw that I was clothed in the same white raiment which I had on in the anteroom, with a tinge of gold in the color, with which I had seen so many other spirits of just ones made perfect, clad in this land of glory, very fine and beautiful. While all theirs were clean and perfect, mine, I now perceived, had spots on it like grease spots; my left limb was to the front and over the knee was a spot as large as my hand. I reached forward and caught her in my arms again and kissed her, but it was like kissing a corpse. The angel left me here; at least I did not see him any more.

My wife took my left hand in her right and we ascended in the mansion. I saw a lovely hall and entrance, with columns all round, and golden damask hanging from ceiling to floor. We ascended a grand, massive stairway, which wound round most artistically, and at each turn there were four arches, with

damask hanging over them. There were no doors in this city, at least I saw none after leaving the anteroom. After ascending to an immense height we turned to the left into an apartment, and my wife left me here, at least I did not see her any more. The apartment was about twenty feet square and twenty feet high. Everything was equal and beautiful, so pure and clean. I advanced about six feet and halted in amazement. The side from which I had entered was of solid golden damask, spotted and flecked with bronze from floor to ceiling, except where I entered, which was like the opening to a tent. There was a column on each corner and one in the center at each side. On my left was solid damask from floor to ceiling, the same in front, while on the right the damask was caught back like curtains in a window, showing at least one-third open view. There were six spirits of just ones made perfect in this apartment, but the glorious view claimed my attention first.

I could see many miles of beautiful mansions, higher at hand than in the distance, where they were more like elegant suburban residences in our large cities on earth, with magnificent trees and verdure all around them; that ethereal light, and lovely mansions of all shapes and colors, so much more beautiful than here on earth. I should say there were millions of them. I looked around the apartment and the first living soul I noticed was a lady with light hair, large, blue eyes,

light complexion sitting on a soft, or something like one, near the balcony. She looked at me with a welcome look, full of love, as though she knew me. Her face looked familiar, but I did not know her. The one that sat next to her on this beautiful sofa was my aunt, Ann McDonald. (My mother passed over from this world when I was nine weeks old.) This aunt nursed me when a baby, cared for me in youth, lived with me in Chicago and passed over about nine years before that time. She left this earth at the age of seventy-two; her hair was streaked with gray, her cheeks were wrinkled, her eyes sunken, but up there her face was radiant, full and plump, and her eyes were filled with love and joy. The streaks of gray looked so beautiful in her hair, and it was combed just as she used to comb it here on earth. She did not seem to see me. Standing in front of Aunt Ann, and facing her, was one that I would have known by her voice had I not seen her face and form. They were singing the same song that those in the procession were singing. I tried again to understand it, but could not catch the words nor tune; if I did, I have not remembered them. This woman was my oldest sister. She was the wife of John V. Ham, crown officer at Whitby, Ontario, and was a great church singer. Oh, Mary, you are happier there! Her voice rang out clearer, sweeter and more beautiful than when on earth. Neither did she seem to see me. Next to Mary and

nearer to me, and facing the light-haired woman, was a small woman, slim, and of perfect form, like a girl, with very luxuriant dark hair, which hung down her back loosely and very long, large blue eyes with a tinge of gray, regular features, fair complexion and not more than five feet, one or two inches. She looked very much like my Aunt Crosby, of Whitby, Ontario, but more beautiful. I knew it was my mother. You ask me how I knew her, and can only answer that I do not know, unless in that future land we know as we are known, though sometimes it seems to me a voice said, "Your mother." How I do love her since I saw her there! She did not seem to see me. To the left and in front of me stood a grand old man with gray hair combed straight back, about five feet, nine inches tall, broad shoulders, Roman nose, exceedingly heavy eyebrows, long whiskers and large blue eyes, such a beautiful pure blue, and so filled with love. He had such a commanding look as he stood with his arms folded across his breast. A voice said, "Your grandfather. I knew it was William Jenkins, a noted Presbyterian minister of Ontario, who passed over long before I was born. Neither did he seem to see me. (Of these last two there are no pictures nor anything by which I could have known them, yet my uncle, William Jenkins, states that I could not have given a better description of them had I seen them on earth, and he knows that I could not have seen my

grandfather, nor could I have remembered my little mother.)

Now, all the living souls in this apartment so far described were dressed in those fine, white raiments, white with a tinge of gold, which fitted their forms perfectly; except one, who stood directly in front of me and facing me, not over six feet distance. It was my own father, whom I knew well. He was clothed in the full suit of a Presbyterian minister, even to the white necktie. It seemed hard for him to see me at first; then a glance of joy sprang from his radiant face and lovelit eyes, as he saw my head and shoulders, but as his glance passed downward on my form a sad and disappointed look came into his eyes, and his voice so sad and mournful said, "My son here with soiled garments?" I now looked at myself again, the left limb to the front. I was clothed with the same raiment, and with the same spots on them, as I had on when talking to my wife in front of the glorious and grand mansion. I felt as though condemnation rested upon me, for those spots on my raiment were the only evidence of impurity that I had seen in that land of purity and love. I looked at the opening on my right, looking over the heavenly city again, then turned and looked at my father. He stood with his hands clasped and eyes turned upward, as in supplication, and I felt myself borne away. The first I knew I was in the shell we call body, and it was cold and stiff

for some time and I could not move at all. I heard the mosquitoes humming around me thick but none bit me. A clammy, cold perspiration was all over me. The first movement I can remember was with the first and second fingers of my right hand, and I was then singing, "Glory to the Father, Son and the Holy Ghost."

Now, let me speak of the light up there. It was a golden effulgency, and was just as light in the stairway and apartments as in the park, street or balcony, and there was no sun, moon or stars. It seemed to be food and drink, and filled me with such supreme joy and glory. Oh, how I long to go there again! It was just breaking day when I became conscious of being in my earthly tabernacle. In one hour I was almost as well as ever, physically, and glory filled my spirit, soul and shell, and has to this day, whenever I think of it. I am a changed man in many ways, and how I adore our heavenly Father, His Son, Jesus, and the Holy Spirit. Never go I to sleep without saying, "Jesus, Master, Friend and Elder Brother, I am thine,—spirit, soul and body, thine—to do Thy will as Thou wilt; but I pray Thee, through grace, bring thy servant soon to that land of glory, purity and love, again to home, and home to stay." And I often say this each day as I pass along through this valley and long to be with those that have passed over in Jesus'

love. Our home, if born again; our Master's kingdom. I was there and I know it.

The Approval of These Experiences by One of the Greatest, if not the Greatest, Doctor, Traveler, Investigator and Writer of the Age, and an Author of Many Books.

Battle Creek, Mich., May 11, 1903.

Donald W. McDonald, South Jacksonville, Fla.

My Dear Brother: Your letter with the enclosed psychical experiences reached me by due course of mail. I read your experience with a very great degree of pleasure, and I trust, spiritual profit. They temporarily lifted me above the world's confusion and competition onto higher and purer planes of life. Your experience in leaving your body and traveling in the heavenly spheres are very much like some of Dr. Duns' experience. He was a medium, or psychic, living with me much of the time for fourteen years. He would frequently, after retiring at night, become at first spasmodic, then almost rigid, his pulse beating very faintly and heart, also, and his body would remain in this state for sometimes a full hour. It frightened me at first, but soon became a common thing. When out of his body he traveled in different spheres, some higher and some lower, and would describe to me what he saw. I remember of his traveling in one of the heavenly spheres or zones, so ethereal that even the flowers and the plants seemed to be translucent, and they would seemingly bow to him as he passed by them. They were flowers that he had never seen on earth. All of these experiences go to demonstrate the great truth of the soul's immortality, and the necessity of living the upright, conscientious, Christlike life in order to attain the altitude of peace in the

promised kingdom of glory. I am pleased that you are delighted with my articles in the *Magazine of Mysteries.* I write for that, for the *Banner of Light, Progressive Thinker,* and *Arena,* of Uew York, etc. I am in my eighty-second year, and am yet working as earnestly as ever to benefit my brother-man. I am a vegetarian, avoiding also tobacco, liquors of all kinds, and am in favor of peace and arbitration of war. I earnestly hope that you will publish these experiences of yours in pamphlet form. They are not only valuable in themselves, but they will help to enlighten those of the old orthodox school who have believed many erroneous and soul-chilling doctrines. I take pleasure to-day of sending you two or three of my lectures, which may interest you. Hope that I may some time meet you in the flesh.

I remain sincerely and cordially yours,

J. M. Peebles.

P.S.—Should you have any further experiences, before publishing them, please let me see them. 37 Beach Street, Battle Creek, Mich.

I have had the pleasure of meeting Brother Peebles this spring in Tampa, where I reside, and we had a very social visit. He is now about eighty-seven years old, lively and happy, full of the spirit, and working hard as ever, and I recognize in him a brother in Christ, and as we said when clasping hands during our farewell, "We know we will meet in that land of glory, if not again in this valley."

D. W. McDonald.

IN MY HOME.

My spirit hath passed thro' that gateway of gems
And a heavenly city hath seen;
And tho' it returned to this vale of glens
An unsatisfied being on earth,
Yea, I know when I was in that glory land
That I was in my home after birth.

Yea, I am soon to go home to that glory land,
My dear ones are waiting for me;
A joyful farewell to this dreary strand
When the gates again I shall see.
Yea, forever adore Thee, Triune Jehovah,
Yea, glory! all glory! to Thee.

REVIEW OF PART OF THE EVIDENCE

Mrs. Geo. Bradshaw sees that land of glory and is not allowed to tell what she saw.

Dr. Danby, one of the leading ministers of the Southern Presbyterian Church, hears beautiful music. Of this he is certain, and not of this world. And as others have heard the music of the heavenly choirs, why not he?

The lady in Texas certainly did hear that heavenly music.

A little child in passing out recognizes her mother that had passed over prior, calling her, "Mamma, mamma."

Gen. Stonewall Jackson sees that land of love.

Jessie L. Latham, an old veteran, sees his mother and daughter, Ruby, for one whole week before passing out, also his home in that land of love.

Mr. John Smith, of Macon, Ga., for two days before passing out sees his children, talks with them, recognizes them, as individualities, and calls them by name; also states that they are waiting for him.

Lieutenant Gay sees and talks to his mother, who

had passed over fourteen years prior, and tries to show her to others in the flesh; also states the room is full of angels.

W. W. Siker, Brookville, Miss., sees his three children, Willie, Johnnie and Elizabeth, calls them by name and recognizes them as his that had passed over.

Mrs. Heisen, of Aberdeen, Miss., recognizes her friend, Miss Lucy Jones, who had passed over previously; talks to her and asks her to "Take my hand, Lucy," and passes over.

Miss Emma Fisher, before departing this life, and she only ten years old, sees and recognizes her father who had passed over four years prior; states, "Mother, father is standing by you. He has come for me. I am going with him." Passes out singing a hymn. A month after her mother hears her singing at her side, "Sweet By and By."

Miss Mary Adell, of Biloxi, Miss., one day prior to passing over recognizes her brother John, and while holding the hand of this brother John, that had gone on before, she tries to have her mother see him; then in passing out has a view of that glory land.

Mrs. Geo. S. Brown, of East Rome, Ga., one day before passing over sees and recognizes her friend, Mrs. Kline, who had passed over fourteen years prior.

Miss Kittie Brown, of Montgomery, Ala., only eighteen months old, recognizes her grandfather, who had passed over nine years and six months before she

was born; also her sister Lees, who had passed over when she was six months old; and while bidding her mother and father good-by, called out, "Sister Lees, Grandpa, wait; Katy Brown is coming," and passed over.

Americus, Ga., Master Jack Cleghorn, four years and two months old, recognizes and calls his brother, who had passed over ten years prior, saying, "Wait for me, little brother. I hear the bells ringing. Good-by, mamma."

On the 25th of March, 1905, Augusta, Ga., Miss Kittie Mays, twenty-three years old, saw and recognized her mother, that had passed over two years prior, and her sister, who had passed over sixteen years prior; said they were bidding her to come home with them, saying to the others in the room, "Don't you see them? They are waiting for me."

Chattanooga, Tenn., November 21, 1905, Mrs. John Trout, who had nearly passed over, but who is living now, in fair health, states that she saw her mother, who had passed over ten years prior. "I knew her; she was just my own mother, only beautified. She talked with me; I could hear her and understand her perfectly. She talked kindly and gave me great comfort. I know it was my mother."

Orlando, Fla., November 27, 1907, Mr. John McBride recognizes his mother and his four children.

All had passed over prior. They were just his mother and children.

Memphis, Tenn., May 13, 1905. Mrs. Susan McLean, eighty-four years of age, before passing over one day continually saw her husband, Dr. McLean, and her father and mother and children; also states that the angels talked to her. Indeed, she was tired shaking hands with so many that came to escort her home.

Vicksburg, Miss., March, 1907. Mrs. Mary Moses, while resting in her son's arms just before passing over, tries to show him a man in white that is waiting for her. Her son, Morris M. Moses, feels his presence.

Mobile, Ala., 1890. Miss Catharine McConnell Gordon said in passing over, "I hear the angels singing. Oh, how beautiful they sing."

Elder John Gilliard, Claiborne Ave., Mobile, Ala., said to his wife's sister, "How beautiful the day; not the day here. I have glimpses of the new Jerusalem. I bid you good-by. My Savior has come for me," and passed out.

Mrs. L. McConnell, Atlanta, Ga., sees her brother-in-law before passing out, that had passed over, and describes him to her sister. Also saw her mother and states that she sees them just as clear as those in the flesh.

Selma, Ala., in February, 1902, Mrs. Marie Louis Rosser states that she had seen her loved ones in No-

vember. While passing out said, "I see my husband," calling him by name. "Now I am going to that happy land. Tommy is here to go with me."

Rev. Pilmer C. Archer, of Chesterfield Court House, Va., was holding a revival fifteen miles from Richmond, Va. In the midst of his sermon sees his sister and hears her that had just passed over; looks at his watch and it was 12.30 A.M., and said to the congregation, "I hear my sister calling me. I must go." She did pass out about that time.

In 1903, T. G. Ezell, at Pickensville, Ala., aged eighty-four, before passing out said, "Why, here is my brother; I have not seen him in fifty-four years." Also recognized and talked to his wife that had passed over eight years prior; said he was in better company than those in the flesh.

San Antonio, Texas, May 23, 1891. Miss Mamie McGill, one day before passing out, sees the street of New Jerusalem, also the flowers.

Mrs. H. T. Norment, Orlando, Fla., in August, 1890: "I saw my baby boy that passed over three months prior; felt his presence and looking up saw him. Just the same features, beautified. He smiled to me and I felt a satisfied feeling."

Memphis, Tenn., June 19, 1907. Mrs. W. D. Harris states Stanley Johnson Morris, aged seven months, passed over May 19, 1901; sees her baby twice, and he said clearly and distinctly, "God loves mamma."

"I felt distinctly the impression of his body on my arm, and at another time he was near me and consoled me."

864 Raiborne Avenue, Memphis, Tenn. Mrs. Mary Cummings says her son, Logan Cummings, passed over. Born in 1874, aged thirty-seven years, passed over March 26, 1901. "Seven weeks after his passing over, I was lying on a couch in broad daylight, about 12 M. Saw my son come in through the east window and pass through the room. He recognized me and I saw him distinctly.

Statement of Mrs. Cummings: Her husband, Mr. Holmes Cummings, passed over October 25, 1896. "About two years after I saw him clearly and distinctly standing at the foot of my bed. It was about 4 A.M. when I saw him. I was impressed by him that he was my guardian spirit. I was fully awake and saw him clearly."

Miss Guerry Evenson Guerry, East Macon, Ga., passed over April 1, 1906; saw her mother, who had passed over twenty years before, in broad daylight. This was ten days before she passed over, when in good health.

Mrs. Mary J. Whitner, of Stanford, Fla., saw her brother that had passed over in South Carolina, and he told her had passed over, in broad daylight, in the presence of her family; and he had passed over at just about that time.

Brooksville, Miss., 1906. Mrs. A. K. Marshall sees on February 4, 1878, her husband's first wife, that pushes her away from her husband.

Dalton, Ga., July 25, 1906. May 8, 1906, Mrs. Cornelia Lowery, while passing out, was in a dissociated state about fifteen minutes. She revived and said, "I have come back to bid you good-by. The old and the young are over there, same as here. I heard them singing and the angels singing, and Anna is the sweetest singer of them all." Anna was her younger sister, who had passed over at the age of eighteen months, sixteen years prior. Then welcomed the angels that were there to take her home.

Rev. E. H. Bennett, D.D., pastor in Atlanta, Ga., in passing over, said to his wife Carrie, "There are no valleys nor shadows; it is all sunshine."

Tampa, Fla., November 6, 1907. Mrs. Mary A. Blowers, aged seventy, passed over the 25th of October, 1902; was wide awake, saw her husband, Warren N. Blowers, who had passed over seven years before. He came to her and took her to that happy land. She heard the lovely music, and also took her to bathe in a beautiful spring.

Dwight L. Moody sayed that he is "going up higher into a house that is immortal, into a body that death cannot touch and sin cannot taint, a body fashioned like His glorious body. Earth is receding, heaven is approaching. God's holy angels are calling me. If

this is death there is no valley. This is glorious! I have been within the gates; I have seen the children Erene and Dwight." These were his grandchildren that had previously passed over."

Prof. A. M. C. Brasch, of Jacksonville, Fla., says he saw his carnal body a separate body from his true self.

Mrs. Ella Brasch, Jacksonville, Fla., says she was separated from her carnal body, and her spiritual body was along that great highway to the eternal land, and she saw the gates ajar, and the spirit that was with her told her she must return to the earth.

Louis Stevens, of Jacksonville, Fla., states that he was absent from his earthly body, recognized himself, his true body separated from his earthly body, and went two hundred miles west of Jacksonville to his old home; saw his brother John in the flesh and out of the flesh; knows that his brother John had two bodies, a carnal body and spiritual body; saw his brother John's wife and baby in the flesh, and also the doctor and his nephew John in the flesh; and saw his brother John's first wife that had passed over twenty years prior; also his niece that had passed over ten years before and an angel of the Lord, talked with him; also noticed that his brother John had passed out at 2.30, which did occur, while his carnal body laid in the hospital at Jacksonville.

Bede, who passed over in 735, saw the angels coming for him and heard the heavenly music.

St. Anthony: "I have been surrounded by a band of good angels and spirits and joyfully joined in singing with them."

Tertullian tells us there is a sister among them who in ecstasy sees souls and they were in bodily shape, were not naked spirits. It appeared to be a spirit, neither entity nor formless, but so substantial that it might be touched. Tender and shining, color like air and in everything resembled the human form.

Ingratus tells us some of the church have divine knowledge of things to come, some have visions, some heal the sick by laying on of hands, others bring to light the soul of man and angels, and expounded the mysteries of God.

Emanuel Swedenborg: "I have," says he, "for these twenty years or more conversed daily with spirits and angels. They have human form, the appearance of men, and I have a thousand times seen them, for I have spoken with them as man to man with other men, often with several together."

Dr. Adam Clark: "I believe that there is a supernatural or spiritual world in which human spirits, both good and bad, live in a state of conscientiousness. I believe that any of these spirits may, according to the order of God in the law of their place of residence,

have intercourse with this world and become visible to mortals."

Harriet Beecher Stowe: She believes in the union of the two worlds—natural and spiritual—and that our fathers believed what they said, but we don't.

Rev. H. L. Austin, M.A., LL.D., Canada: "I have seen again and again these phenomena produced, hear voices from the angel world, caught their living words of instructions, and inspiration fresh from angelic lips; seen their forms materialize and de-materialize like a cloud vanishing from sight, and held them by the hands."

There is no death. An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them dead.
—*E. Bulwer Lytton.*

There is no death. What seems so is transition,
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of life Elysian,
Whose portals we call death.
—*Longfellow.*

Rev. Lyman Abbott: "Our dear ones are close by us. A spiritual world surrounds us. They know us. We are separated from it only by our dullness, and I wonder why many, many of the followers of Christ haven't known a like communion of the saints and risen dead."

Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., Dr., E.S., LL.B., profes-

sor of Bingham, England, says, "It is our privilege through faithful service to enter unto the life eternal and the communion of saints and the peace of God."

Dr. J. M. Peebles, M.D., M.A., Ph.D., Battle Creek, Mich., says he personally knows that the dead are alive, knows that friends departed live and manifest to us all that the angels of God are about us and administer to us.

Capt. Chas. F. P. Chase states that he was wounded and his carnal body lay for two days on the battlefield of Gettysburg as dead and that he saw it as it lay on the ground, the wounds on his body and clothing torn, and his true self, the spirit, floated above it and observed it. He was also in the suburbs of heaven, heard lovely music, only separated as by a mist, and saw many inhabitants of that lovely land, but none that he knew, and they all seemed to know each other as one great family.

Here we have an officer of the English army that through the effect of gas experienced dissociation, sees his body on the bed, sees his spirit a separate body, in the spirit reads a book, goes through a wall, sees a comrade drawing charts, tries to make himself known, looked down the street, goes to the railway yard to a tunnel that he had never seen before or heard of, and like many others in this world he still doesn't believe in a continuance of life.

A lady experiences a separation of the spiritual body

from the carnal body, sees her true self, tries to pick up instruments, and knows that she has two bodies, one a spiritual, one a carnal.

Paris, France. Camille Flammarion pays positive observation; proves the existence of psychic world as real as the one we inhabit, and is known to our physical senses. We live in the midst of an invisible world.

Sir Walter Crooks, England, says he has touched, photographed and even kissed materialized bodies of spirits.

William T. Stead, founder and editor of the *Review of Reviews,* of London, England, states he has not only had communication from the dead, but to have fully written down the thoughts of living men miles away.

Mrs. Titus, of Lebanon, N. H., leaves her carnal body and finds Miss Berta Huse's body in fifteen feet of water, all covered by brush and drift except the foot, where it was so dark that a diver could not see her down in the water fifteen feet deep.

A spirit warns and guides Horace J. Seaver, engineer of the Illinois Central Railway, and saves the lives of a thousand veterans.

Some of the Spiritual Experiences of the Author.

Given by the Master to Qualify Him to Write this Volume.

Fortelling the destruction of Jacksonville six months prior.

Appearing to C. W. Rush, in Dunnellton, Fla., in the spirit. A case of dissociation.

A vision of the spirit upon me. Foretells no general freeze in Florida for twelve years from November 8, 1899.

First dissociation, visits a river of that land of love and light; sees his wife and hears her distinctly.

Third dissociation or separation of the living soul from his carnal body; visits the land of darkness, also the land of love and glory; sees and knows his grandfather, wife, father, mother, sisters and children and aunt.

Basis of Proof.

A basis of the Psychical Research Society: When a large number of facts are satisfactorily established all or most of them can be most easily explained in the light of some particular theory, that theory is regarded as scientifically established. We have another rule, and in all general courts it takes only two or three witnesses to establish a fact. And these are only a few of the witnesses. I have no doubt that if time and space were allowed, one million could easily be obtained. Therefore we have, without a doubt, proved the identity, individuality and by continuance of life, immortality.

CONCLUSION

First, we prove that we are composed of spirit, first principle, a portion of our heavenly Father, indistructible, therefore, eternal. Second, soul, also a portion of our celestial body. Soul can be and is destroyed by sin. Third, carnal body, or earthly body, or shell, or tent, or tabernacle of our true body. The living soul. Therefore we are a spirit with a soul body enclosed in an earthly body. These are the triune parts of man.

Again, first, as the spirit of man is indestructible, in joy, or woe, it ever lives. Second, that which is wrongfully called death, is an incident, in a continued life, a life in a land of darkness, or death, Satan's kingdom, or a life in a land of joy and glory, our Master's kingdom. Third, that the land of darkness exists, as well as the land of life and glory. Fourth, that spirit birth is just transition to a higher and more glorious state of life, through our Lord, and should not be dreaded.

We have introduced in this volume five hundred and ninety witnesses and over, who have seen and recognized the living souls. This is the true bodies of inhabitants of this earth after they have passed over.

Five hundred and forty witnesses and over who have seen living souls in broad daylight and were fully awake and fully reognized them, identified them and individualized them. Ninety and over, all of whom have witnessed of the spiritual world and continuance of life after birth, which some call death. Thirty witnesses and over not only see living souls, recognize them absent from the earthly body, but also handle them and know that they were or had been inhabitants of this earth. Fifteen witnesses and over that state they have been absent from the carnal body and in the eternal body, saw themselves and saw their carnal bodies and know that their living soul is their true selves. Most of them have recognized all their surroundings on earth as well as their surroundings in that land of love, have been returned to the carnal body and are living witnesses of dissociation and of the land of love and of the elements of man.

If life is continued after birth (which some call death), and they continue the same and do not age, then is immortality established. The witnesses of this day and century make statement of seeing their dear ones that have passed over from two weeks to seventy years, and all agree that they were the same, only beautified. I know by what I saw that my grandfather and mother were just as young by my uncle and aunt's letters. I know that my father and Aunt Ann and my sister and wife looked younger, beauti-

fied and lovely. My children looked just as young, but a little larger, but glorified. Paul, in I Corinthians, fifteenth chapter, says that Jesus was seen by five hundred persons besides his apostles during the forty days that he visited this earth, and afterwards by him as one born out of due season. Pilate in his letters corroborates this statement when writing to Cæsar, and also states, "I and my wife also saw him."

The two sons of Simon, the high priest, that took Jesus in his arms and blessed him, who were amongst those of the first resurrection, state that Jesus took Adam, carnal father of us all, by the hand and led him to that land of glory, His kingdom. This was about four thousand years, at least, after he, Adam, had passed over; and if the same change took place, which no doubt did, he was then and there beautified, almost if not altogether the same as he was, minus his earthly body, as when the angels drove him from paradise. At least we have evidence that he was alive three thousand seven hundred and seventy years after he passed over; Abraham about eighteen hundred and sixty years; Job about fifteen hundred and twenty-three years; David about one thousand years. Moses appeared fourteen hundred and sixty years after he passed over, when he appeared with Elijah on the mount. By the apostles Peter, James and John's statement, he was beautified with just such a body as so many have seen their dear ones clothed in, and rai-

ments just the same. Why not? He was just a man, redeemed, beautified and glorified by the love of our dear heavenly Father and His only Son Jesus. And by the reports of the apostles, he was very much alive, talked, was seen and known in broad daylight, and understood.

Until about thirty-five years ago, man was searching astrology, astronomy, geology, in fact, everything except man, to ascertain what man was.

In 1882 there was organized in England a Society of Psychical Research, by Prof. Henry Sidwick, Balfour Stewart, W. F. Barrett, also Gladstone — the statesman of the world — was allied with them and others.

In America, in 1885, Profs. William James, S. P. Langley, Rev. Herbert Newton and others, organized the American branch. They said there were rumors and statements regarding the soul of man ever since his creation. Are they false? Are they true? Let us investigate man. They have accepted nothing but the truth, testing and proving all things, and what they and their friends have discovered has surprised them, as well as the world at large. They have found a great deal more was true than was stated, and many of them have come to the conclusion that the spirit is an individual entity, immortal, and that heaven is its home; that this world is only a workshop, as it were, where spirits are made and some perfected, and that

when released from this shell that we call body, as a caterpillar changes from a creeping insect to a citizen of the air—a butterfly—so when we pass over we become citizens of the universe.

The question is often asked, "Where is the land of glory?" With Young, and many of our scientific men, also many divines, and by reason of the light and glorious scenes beheld by those passing over, including reports of those that have been here in the living soul, and my own biblical and scientific knowledge, as well as experience, I would say that it enfolds this earth of ours, above our gross atmosphere and through the same, and often passes close to us, or we through it. In other words, it enfolds this sphere without a vacuum, as there is none in space. The land of darkness, as the ancients thought and believed, is in the inside of this world of ours. These latter facts I hope to see soon established. The reports of those that have been there in the living soul, do not differ any more in proportion to the size of the land visited than did Columbus, Americus and Cabot differ in regard to this continent, North and South America, when it was first discovered. They have simply landed in different parts of an immense spiritual inorganic world, and always agree to the general principles and descriptions.

Well, indeed, did Joel prophesy six hundred years before Jesus, that the wonders in heaven shall be

shown. Joel 2:30: "I will show wonders in the heavens." Jesus says, Luke 21:11: "And great signs from heaven," and Acts 2:17: Peter in that great sermon of sermons, when three thousand were begotten of the spirit, says, "I will pour forth my spirit and they shall prophesy, and I will show wonders in the heavens above." That is what became more prominent since the birth of Jesus, and will be continued until the end of the world, and was to be especially strong in the last days as was prophesied, is and shall be. We positively prove one million to a cipher, that you are a spirit in the flesh going on to eternity. You may dodge taxes, but never transition. It may come to-night, may be to-morrow, but certain soon you must pass over. Only a few years at the most, saved or lost, you still live. Why not give a little time to the clothing of your spirit? Your soul is all and all to you; lost, you are lost; saved, you are saved; unless you call on the Lord, then only a tramp, a naked spirit, no soul to speak of, which shall it be? Some will say, "Why, this is a new doctrine." You err, my dear one. It is the doctrine that Jehovah proclaimed, that Jesus by Moses and Elijah illustrated through the powers of the blessed trinity; the doctrine of Job and the ancients, the prophets and Jesus, Son of our heavenly Father by birthright, the apostles and early fathers, that nearly all the religions have been founded upon. Doctrine of our fathers. Doctrine that

Satan and all his powers have hurled their force against since man's creation. The only time they came near crushing it out, was during the dark ages. Doctrine of the divine old Bible, it is eternal, it is true; but I am sorry to say that many of those that claim to be followers of Jesus still adhere to the theology of the dark ages. Oh, Father, Master, Holy Spirit, may they awake to the great truths of spirituality, and not let the body of spirits carry off the dear old banner and injure one of thy greatest forts and refuges to spirits bound for the eternal land.

Also, please note I introduce as witnesses all ages of all ages, also some who are not believers in our Master. This is to show that our dear heavenly Father and Master sends the rain of spirit upon the unjust as well as the just. They love the deepest dyed sinner as much as the saint. All are spirits in the flesh and children of one Father. They love us all. The trouble is that the best of us do not love them as we should, but the greatest trouble is that the unbeliever and sinner don't love them, nor will not until begotten of the spirit. Indeed the spirit is just now being poured out upon all flesh, and the wonders in heaven shown as it was prophesied, and as it will be.

As to Truthfulness.

All of these ninety-three witnesses, except those where I have quoted authors, and from authors I have personally visited, and have investigated as to the

truth of all statements in this volume, believe them to be facts; and they are all people of high standing and noted for their truthfulness. Two or three witnesses establish a fact, while here we have ninety-three, some of them alive, and can be investigated as to the truth of the statements in this book; and all agree as to the identity, individuality and continuance of life after birth (wrongfully called death). Therefore continuance of life is established.

Identity.

Each and every one has recognized their dear ones as their own, and each has been recognized by them either on the flesh or out of the flesh. Saul recognized Samuel, Dives Lazarus, Lazarus Dives. Jesus was recognized by His apostles, and over five hundred others at one time. All witnesses in this volume recognize their dear ones as their own—and no other. Do you think for one moment that we will know less in our future state than we do now in the flesh? I know we know more, and understand all our surroundings better whether saved or lost.

Therefore, Identity is established beyond a doubt.

Individuality.

Are we not each an individuality, billions of faces and forms, none exactly alike? In this volume mother recognizes child as her child; child, mother as mamma; mamma, as separate individuals, brother, sister,

wife, husband and husband wife. You cannot be me nor I you, neither here nor in eternity. Moses was not Elisha, nor Elisha Moses. Each one recognizes themselves as individuals, separate from others, as they do on earth before passing over. Samuel, Saul—Saul, Samuel. The rich man recognizes Lazarus and Abraham; one he had seen in the flesh and the other not. The apostles and others recognized Jesus as Jesus their own Lord. Each one that has been in those spheres recognized their parents, children, wives and husbands, also friends, talked to them, embraced them, and know them as such. Each one passing over sees their dead ones and recognizes them as such. I know that when I was in that land of love my children were just my own, my wife my very own, only more beautiful; my father was my own father; my mother my own mother; my sisters, my own; even my grandfather, whom I had not seen on earth, my own grandfather. I identified each one as a separate individual in their own respective relations, and you my reader will do the same.

Therefore, Individuality is established.

Immortality.

Immortality, perpetuity, everlasting, forever, eternal, are all synonomous, and mean the same thing. Let us now look at the Old and New Testament on this question. Isa. 45: 17: "But Israel shall be saved by Jehovah with an everlasting salvation. Ye shall

not be put to shame nor confounded, world without end, for thus saith Jehovah that createth the heavens." Matt. 19:25: "Shall inherit eternal life." Matt. 25:46: "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous unto everlasting life." Luke 18:30: "And in the world to come eternal life." John 4:24: "He that believeth on Him that sent me hath eternal life." John 6:47: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth hath life eternal." John 10:29: "I give unto thee eternal life, and they shall never perish." Acts 13:48: "Ordained to eternal life." Rom. 6:25: "The gift of God is eternal life." Gal. 6:8: "He that serveth unto the spirit shall reap eternal life." (In the original, everlasting life.) Paul, speaking of Jesus, Heb. 5: "He became unto all that obey him the author of eternal salvation." I John 2:25: "This is the promise, even the life eternal." Rev. 1:18: Jesus says, "I am alive forevermore" (and we shall be like him). John 14:19: "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Now, if we establish beyond a doubt the continuance of life after birth (wrongfully called death), and that they do not age any, then without a doubt it is eternal. We prove fact No. 3. Each and every one of these five hundred and forty-three and over witnesses states that the recognition of their dear ones was perfect, the child its own mamma only eighteen months' old; mothers their children, especially those

who some ten years after saw them in broad daylight, some twenty years after, twenty-six years. One brother recognizes his brother fifty-four years, I my grandfather over seventy years, and my mother sixty years, father, forty-five years, wife, thirty years, children, twenty years: were all beautified and aged none. In fact, those whom I had known on earth looked younger. Adam was recognized at the first resurrection about four thousand years after his departure from this life, as Adam, carnal father of us all. So was Noah two thousand, three hundred and fifty-one years; Abraham about eighteen hundred and sixty years; Job about fourteen hundred and sixty years after his passing over. Moses and Elijah were recognized, Moses fourteen hundred and sixty years after his passing over, when on the mount with Jesus, and he was beautiful and bright, talked and was understood, and known to be Moses, and our Father approved of this act of Jesus, showing what his eternal kingdom was composed of, living souls, man beautified and glorified, witnesses of a continued life, yea, life eternal, through Him who was, is and ever will be Jehovah. Our Father approved this by this voice when He says, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased. Hear ye Him." Now we have proved the fact of ten years' duration, twenty and twenty-six, fifty-four, yea fifteen hundred years' continuance, yes, about four thousand continuance, why not, as the

Bible says, eternal? Yes, we are a part of our Father and children of Israel or children of Israel by adoption, therefore shall be saved by Jehovah with an everlasting salvation, and shall not be put to shame nor confounded, world without end, for thus saith Jehovah, that createth the heavens, and as Jesus said, "I am alive forevermore," and we shall be like Him, a spirit in the flesh now, a spirit in the land of darkness, lost, or a spirit, a living soul, a spirit clothed upon with soul, beautified as angels; and as I have said before, eternal, evermore, in the heavens or on this earth, when it is purified and added to that great spiritual kingdom, our Father's country, our Master's home, yes, our home where all will be united in family circles, our father ours, out mother ours, our dear ones ours, our children our very own.

These are only a few of the sands picked up on the beach of the great ocean of time and knowledge, but truths and facts established. The proofs of continuance of life beyond spiritual birth (or what some call death) again is established; also that the life is eternal, everlasting, forevermore therefore is immortal. Therefore immortality is established beyond a single doubt. And may our Lord Jesus Christ, who lives forevermore, and the Holy Spirit, convince you of these truths, that we may meet fully beautified and like Him in our Father's kingdom.

Yours in Christ Jesus our Lord, forevermore,

DONALD W. MCDONALD.

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